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D I A L O G U E S 24 F

OF THE

D E A D.

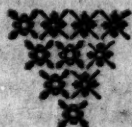
Written in FRENCH by the

Archbishop of CAMBRAY,

Translated into ENGLISH

From the best PARIS EDITION.

The FOURTH EDITION, Corrected.



L O N D O N :

Printed for D. BROWNE, at the Black Swan, without
Temple-Bar; J. JACKSON, in St. James's-street;
and A. and C. CORBETT, in Fleet-street.

MDCCLX.

DIALOGUES

OF THE

DEAD

Written in FRENCH by the

Alphonse



Translated into

from the best PARIS EDITION.

THE FOURTH EDITION, Corrected.

L O N D O N :

Printed for D. Johnson at the Black Swan, without
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MDCCCX

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DIALOGUES

DIALOGUES
OF THE
DEAD.
BOTH
ANTIENT and MODERN.

DIALOGUE I.

MERCURY and CHARON.

In what manner those who are entrusted with the education of Princes, ought to correct their growing vices, and fill them with virtues suitable to their quality.

Charon. **W**HAT's the reason, Mercury, you come so late? do not men die as they did heretofore? or had you forgot your wings behind you? whom did you stay to rob? had Jupiter sent you a pimping? was you obliged to put on the form of another Sofia? why don't you answer me?

Mercury. I have been deceiv'd, Charon; I stay'd in hopes of conducting prince Pierocholes hither: then you'd have had a good fare.

Charon. He's very young.

B

Mer-

Mercury. Young as he is, he thought himself very ill, and cry'd as if Death had been staring him in the face.

Charon. Well ; and shall we have him ?

Mercury. He has so often deceived me that way, that I cannot depend upon him ; scarce was he in bed, when, forgetting his pain, he fell to sleep.

Charon. His distemper was not real then ?

Mercury. What he thought a very grievous, was but a very slight illness ; he has often alarmed his people in the same manner. I have seen him in the cholick, wishing that his belly was cut off ; and at another time when his nose bled, fancying his soul was dropping into his handkerchief.

Charon. How will he wage war ?

Mercury. As he does now, without pain or trouble—war at chess ; he has already fought above an hundred battles.

Charon. Fatal war ! which sends us no subjects.

Mercury. Notwithstanding this, if we can but throw aside his wantonness and effeminacy, I hope he will one day make a great figure. He can rage and weep like Achilles, why then should he not be as courageous too ? in his frowardness he resembles him. They say that he loves the mists, and that he has a Chiron, a Phoenix.

Charon. But all this makes nothing for us ; we want a young, rash, ignorant, unpolished prince,



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prince, who, despising learning, should love nothing but arms; who always ready to glut himself in blood, should place his happiness in the misfortunes of mankind. Such a one would fill my boat once a day.

Mercury. So, so, you want one of those princes, or rather one of those monsters, who are greedy of slaughter. This is of a milder disposition; I believe he will love peace, yet know how to wage war. In him you may discover the principles of a good prince, as in the bud of a rose you may perceive how beautiful the flower will be.

Charon. But is he not hasty and boisterous?

Mercury. He is so indeed, and to a strange degree.

Charon. What then do you mean by cultivating the muses? he will never learn any thing, but spread confusion wherever he comes; many a murmuring shade will he send us, but so much the better.

Mercury. He is boisterous, but not mischievous; he is curious, tractable, and has an excellent taste for every thing that's fine: he loves good men, and is beholden to those who correct him. If he can but once overcome his hastiness and laziness, he'll be wonderful: remember I foretel it thee.

Charon. Hasty and lazy; these are palpable contradictions; sure you dream.

Mercury. I do not, I'll assure you; he is hasty, easily provoked, and lazy in discharg-

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ing his duties: but he mends upon it every day; he is certainly reserved for something great.

Charon. It seems then, we shan't have him yet.

Mercury. No; his sickness proceeds more from impatience than any real pain. Jupiter designs that he shall long continue a blessing to mankind.



D I A L O G U E II.

HERCULES and THESEUS.

The manner in which these two heroes reproach one another, is a short and ingenuous way of letting you into their history and characters.

Theseus. **Y**OU surprize me, Hercules; I thought you in the highest Olympus, seated with the Gods. It was reported that the fire on mount Oeta had consumed all that mortal part which was derived from your mother, and that nothing of thee remained but that which sprung from Jove. It was also said that you married the goddess Hebe, who has now leisure enough, since Ganymede serves the nectar in her stead.

Hercules. Don't you know that what you see of me is only my ghost?

Theseus. And what you see of me is only mine: but whilst that's here, no part of me can be in Olympus.

Hercules. That's because thou art not, as I am, the son of Jupiter.

OF THE DEAD. 5

Theseus. Very good, really! Æthra my mother, and my father Ægeus, would have persuaded the world that I was Neptune's son; as Alcmena, to cover the fault she had been guilty of during Amphytrion's being at the siege of Thebes, persuaded him that she had received a visit from Jupiter.

Hercules. I think you very bold, thus to treat the vanquisher of monsters. I never could take such jests.

Theseus. But the threatening of a shadow will scarce make me forbear breaking them. I am not in Olympus laughing at the immortalized son of Jove: and as for monsters, I have vanquished some in my time as well as you.

Hercules. Wou'd you presume to compare your faint actions with my labours? the world can never forget the lion of Nemæa, on which account the Nemæan games were instituted; the Hydra of Lerna, whose heads multiplied; the Erymanthian boar; the Stymphalian birds; the Amazon, whose girdle I brought away; the stable of Augea; the bull which I dragged into Greece; Cacus whom I overcame; the horses of Diomedes, who fed on human flesh; Geryon, the three-headed king of Spain; the golden apples growing in the garden of the Hesperides; lastly, Cerberus, whom I dragg'd out of hell, and forced to see the sun.

Theseus. And did I not overcome all the vagabonds of Greece? did I not drive Medea from my father's house, kill the Minotaur,

and find the way out of the labyrinth, for which the Isthmian games were instituted? and sure they must be allowed to be equal with the Nemean games. Farther, I overcame the Amazons who besieged Athens. Add to this the combat of the Lapithæ, Jason's voyage for the golden fleece, the hunting of the Caledonian boar, in which I had so great a share; and as well as you I have dared to descend into hell.

Hercules. Yes; but your rash enterprize was deservedly punish'd; you did not carry off Proserpine: Cerberus, whom I dragg'd out of his gloomy cave, devour'd your friend before your face, and you remain'd a captive. Have you forgot how Castor and Pollux forc'd their sister Helen from you? Nay, you let them carry off your mother Æthra. How diminutive a hero must he be who suffers this to be done? Lastly, you was banish'd Athens, and forced to fly to the isle Scyros, where Lycomedes, knowing how apt you was to engage yourself in unjust undertakings, threw you headlong from the top of a rock by way of prevention. A glorious close of life!

Theseus. Was thine more glorious? you lov'd Omphale, and for her sake handled a distaff, then forsook her for young Iole: and thus violated your faith given to Dejanira. Did you not suffer them to give you the shirt dipt in the blood of the Centaur Nessus; then growing furious, hurl poor Lychas, who had never injured thee, from the top of Mount

OF THE DEAD.

7

Oeta, into the sea? You desired Philoctetes too to conceal your burying place, that the world might believe you a God. Was this close of life more glorious than mine? before I was banished Athens, I had drawn all its inhabitants from their villages, where they liv'd after a barbarous manner, to civilize them, and lay 'em under the restraint of laws, within the walls of a town. As for your part, far from being a legislator, all your perfections were placed in finewy arms, and brawny shoulders.

Hercules. My shoulders have born the world upon them, to ease Atlas of the burden, and my courage has always been admired. True, I have loved the women too well, but can you upbraid me with it? you who so ungratefully forsook Ariadne, who in Crete had saved your life? Do you think that I never heard the name of the Amazon Antiope mentioned, to whom you proved faithless? Egla, who succeeded her, did not fare better. You carried Helen away by force, but her brother found the means to punish you for it. Phædra so far blinded you, that you had Hippolytus put to death, whom the Amazon bore you. Several others possessed thy heart, yet never possessed it long.

Theseus. But I never handled a distaff like him who boasts of having carried the world on his shoulders.

Hercules. That soft and effeminate part of my life

life which I led in Lydia, I'll not pretend to vindicate; but in all the rest of it, you must own me something more than man.

Theseus. So much the worse for you, that being more man in every other circumstance, you shou'd act so much beneath yourself in this. But then all these boasted labours were performed only in obedience to Euristheus.

Hercules. 'Tis true, that Juno had made me subject to all his commands: 'tis the fate of virtue to be delivered up to the persecution of the wicked and envious; but her persecution has only been the means of exercising my patience and my courage. On the other hand, you have often been guilty of unjust actions: happy the world, if you had never found your way out of the labyrinth.

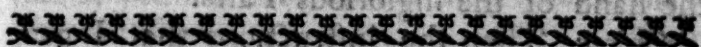
Theseus. By that I delivered Athens from the annual tribute of seven young men, and as many maids, which Minos had laid upon them for the death of Androgeos his son. Alas, my poor father Egeus, who expected me, fancying that he saw the black sail, instead of the white one, threw himself headlong into the sea, and when I landed I found him dead: from that time forwards I governed Athens with wisdom.

Hercules. How could you govern it, since you was every day embarked in some new expedition; and that by your loves you involv'd all Greece in war?

Theseus. Let us talk no more of love, 'tis but a shame-

a shameful subject, and as far as I can see, we are not much behind-hand with one another.

Hercules. I own it with all my heart, and yield to thee in eloquence; but what decides our worth, is, you are now in hell at Pluto's mercy, whom you have highly provoked, and I am in Olympus ranked with the immortal Gods.



DIALOGUE III.

ACHILLES and CHIRON.

A lively picture of the danger of too much youthful fire in a young prince born to command.

Achilles. **W**HAT service have all your instructions done me, and how am I the better for having received them? You never talked to me of any thing but wisdom, courage, glory, and heroism: but notwithstanding all your fine discourses, here am I a vain empty shadow. Would it not have been much better for me to have lived long and voluptuously at the court of king Lycomedes, disguised like a maid, with the princesses his daughters?

Chiron. Well, and would you beg leave of the fates to return amongst these ladies? You shall spin, but at the same time you shall lose all the glory you have acquired. Troy shall be

be-

besieged a second time, and Homer shall sing the praises of thy inveterate enemy, the proud Agamemnon; even Therſites shall not be forgotten: but as for your part, you shall be buried in oblivion.

Achilles. Agamemnon run away with my glory! I be buried in oblivion! I cannot bear the thoughts on't; I had rather fall again by the hand of the inglorious Paris.

Chiron. Then the instructions that I gave you concerning virtue, are not wholly to be despised?

Achilles. I own it, and would willingly return into the world, that I might make use of those instructions.

Chiron. What would you do there this second time?

Achilles. What would I do there? I would avoid quarrelling with Agamemnon, and by that means save the life of my friend Patroclus, and the blood of so many Grecians, who fell by the destructive sword of the Trojans, whilst I was rolling on the sands of the sea-shore.

Chiron. But did I not tell thee beforehand that thy passion would make the guilty of all these follies?

Achilles. True; you told me of it an hundred times over; but when did youth hearken to advice? It believes nothing but just what it sees. O would I were young again!

Chiron. You would be as passionate and untractable as heretofore.

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Achilles. I would not, I give you my word.

Chiron. Did not you promise me an hundred, and a hundred times to that, that you'd grow more moderate when you came before Troy? how well you kept your word there!

Achilles. I own I did not.

Chiron. And you would be the same was you to grow young again; you would promise just as you did before, and keep your word as you did then.

Achilles. Youth then must be a strange distemper.

Chiron. And yet it is a distemper that you'd willingly be sick of again.

Achilles. True; but how charming would youth be, was it capable of reflection and moderation. You who understand remedies so well, do you know no cure for this impetuous heat, by far more dangerous than a burning fever?

Chiron. The only remedy is to distrust one's self, to hearken to those who are wiser, and to ask their advice; by one's past faults to take care and avoid the same for the future, and often to implore the assistance of Minerva, whose wisdom is above the valour of Mars.

Achilles. Well, all this I'll do, if Jupiter will give me back the same flourishing youth I once enjoyed: do you, at the same time, pray him that he would restore your life; and that I may be subject to your will as Hercules was to that of Euristheus.

Chi-

Chiron. With all my heart. I'll make the request to the father of the Gods, and I am well assured that he will grant it. After a long series of years you shall live again, and be born with a genius, greatness of soul, courage, and love for poetry. You shall have a Chiron near you, and we shall see what use you'll make of his precepts.



DIALOGUE IV.

ACHILLES and HOMER.

An agreeable manner of infusing into the heart of a young prince, a love for learning and glory.

Achilles. I am heartily glad, O illustrious poet! that through my means you are become immortal; my quarrel with Agamemnon, my grief for the death of Patroclus, my combats with the Trojans, and my victory over Hector, have given you one of the finest subjects for a poem, that ever was heard of.

Homer. I own, that the subject is fine, but others as good might have been found. Nor needs this much proof, since I myself actually found another: the adventures of the sage and patient Ulysses, do not fall short of the rage of the haughty Achilles.

Achilles. And dare you compare the crafty and deceitful Ulysses, to the son of Thetis, more terrible

rible than Mars? begone; ungrateful poet! or—

Homer. You have forgot, perhaps, that 'tis in vain for shades to put themselves in a passion; no body will mind them, nor can any arms be now of service to you but sound reasoning.

Achilles. Why then, do you come to disown, that you are indebted to me for your best poem? The other is a mere rhapsody of old women's tales, every line in it languishes, and you may plainly discover the decayed poet, whose fire is quite extinguished, and who never knows when to have done.

Homer. You are like a vast number of others, who, ignorant of the different kinds of writing, think that an author droops, as soon as he passes from a lively rapid stile, to one more soft and smooth. Perfection in writing consists in observing your various characters. To vary your stile, as occasion requires; and to soar, or droop, *à propos*, and by this contrast, characters will be more agreeable, and more distinguish'd. You must know how to sound the trumpet, to tune the lyre, and play on the rural pipe. I suppose you would have me describe Calypso, with her nymphs in the grotto, or Nausica on the sea-shore, after the same manner that I would heroes, and even Gods themselves, fighting before the gates of Troy. Talk of war, and keep within your own element; but never pretend to judge of poetry in my presence.

Achilles. How proud you are, poor blind man! you take advantage now of my death.

Homer. No more than I do of my own: I consider you as the shade of Achilles, myself as the ghost of Homer.

Achilles. Oh! could I but make this ungrateful ghost sensible of my former strength!

Homer. Since you talk so much of ingratitude, I'll take the pains to undeceive you: you have furnished me with a subject, which I might have found any where else; but I have given you a name, which another could not have given you, and which will never be forgotten.

Achilles. How! Do you imagine that without the assistance of your verses, the great Achilles would not have been admir'd, in all nations, and in all ages?

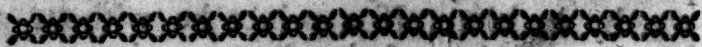
Homer. Intolerable vanity! and that for having shed more blood than another at the siege of a town, which was not taken, but after thy death? How many heroes have subdued nations, and conquered kingdoms? notwithstanding this, they are buried in oblivion, and their names are forgotten. The Muses only can make heroic actions immortal. A king, who is ambitious of glory, must acquire it by these two means, first, by his virtues he must deserve it, and then he must make himself be beloved by the sons of Parnassus, who will transmit his name to all posterity.

Achilles. But 'tis not in the power of princes always, to have great poets. It was accidentally, and long after my death, that you resolved upon writing your Iliad.

OF THE DEAD. 15

Homer. That's true; but when a prince is a lover of learning, there will arise, during his reign, many great men; his favours, and his rewards, will raise a noble emulation amongst them. Let but a prince love and encourage the Muses, and there will soon appear enow ready to praise whatever is praise-worthy in him. If a prince be without a Homer, 'tis because he does not deserve to have one; it must be his want of taste, that occasions ignorance and barbarism. Barbarism! which dishonours a whole nation, and must deprive the prince of all hopes of having his actions made immortal! Do you not know, that Alexander, who lately came down hither, wept, because he had not a poet to do that for him, which I have done for thee? That was because he had a true taste of glory; for your part, you owe me all yours, and yet you upbraid me with ingratitude. 'Tis in vain to put yourself into a passion now, your anger when before Troy was fit to furnish me with a subject for a poem; but I cannot sing your present rage, and consequently you would reap no honour from it. But remember this, fate having deprived you of all other advantages, you have nothing now remaining, but the glorious name which my verses have given you. Farewel, when you are in a better humour, I'll come, and in this grove rehearse to you some lines of the Iliad, particularly the defeat of the Greeks, during thy absence;
the

the confusion of the Trojans, when they saw thee appear to revenge the death of Patroclus, even the Gods themselves astonished to see thee so like Almighty Jove, when armed with thunder. After that, say if you dare, that Achilles does not owe his glory to Homer.



DIALOGUE V.

ACHILLES and ULYSSES.

The Character of these two Heroes.

Ulysses. A Good morning to the son of The-
tis. I am at length descended to
these dismal abodes, after a long life, to which
you was hurried in the flower of your age.

Achilles. My life has been short, because
the unjust fates would not suffer me to acquire
more glory, than they allow mortals to ac-
quire.

Ulysses. Yet have they suffered me to live
long, amidst an infinite number of dangers,
from which I have always extricated myself
with honour.

Achilles. A fine honour, always to prevail
by stratagem! for my part, I never knew
how to dissemble, I only knew how to con-
quer.

Ulysses. And yet after thy death, I was
judged the most worthy of having thy armour.

Achil-

OF THE DEAD. 17

Achilles. Ay, but you obtained it by your eloquence, not your courage; I shudder when I reflect upon it, that an armour made by Vulcan, and given me by my mother, has been the reward of a subtle talker.

Ulysses. Know that I have done greater things than thou hast. You died before the city of Troy, whilst it was in all its glory, but I overthrew its walls.

Achilles. It is more glorious to perish by the unjust anger of the Gods, after having overcome one's enemies, than by hiding one's self in a horse's belly, to finish a war, and to deceive one's enemies under the cloak of the religious mysteries of Minerva.

Ulysses. Have you then forgotten, that the Greeks are indebted to me, even for Achilles himself. Had it not been for me, you would have spent an inglorious life amongst the daughters of king Lycomedes. All your great actions are owing to me, as I forc'd you upon 'em.

Achilles. But I did 'em, whilst you never did any thing but by fraud. If I was amongst the daughters of Lycomedes, 'twas because my mother Thetis, who foresaw that I should perish at the siege of Troy, hid me there to save my life; but as you were not to fall, why did you dissemble madness with your plough, when Palamedes so artfully discover'd the cheat. O what pleasure there is in seeing the deceiver deceiv'd! if you remember, he laid

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Telemachus before you, to see if you would drive the plough over your own son.

Ulysses. I remember it; but I lov'd Penelope, and was unwilling to leave her. Was you not guilty of far greater follies, for the love of Briseis, when you left the Grecian camp, and was the occasion of the death of your friend Patroclus?

Achilles. But when I return'd, I reveng'd Patroclus, and conquer'd Hector. Whom, in your whole life, did you overcome, excepting Hirus, that Ithacan beggar?

Ulysses. And the lovers of Penelope, and the Cyclops Polyphemus?

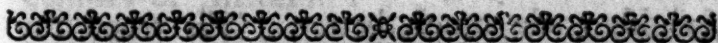
Achilles. You overcame those lovers by treachery; they were effeminate men, sunk even in pleasure, and almost always drunk. As for Polyphemus, you ought never to mention him. If you had but dar'd stay his coming, he would have made you dearly pay for the eye you bor'd out, whilst he was asleep.

Ulysses. But I have borne, during the space of twenty years, both at the siege of Troy, and in my return home, all the misfortunes, and was expo'd to all the dangers that can exercise the courage and wisdom of man. But where did you ever shew any conduct? there never was any thing in thee, but an impetuous madness, a fury which brutal men have call'd courage, and which the unmanly Paris at last conquer'd.

Achilles. But you, who so much boast of
your

your prudence, was you not foolishly put to death by your son Telemachus, whom Circe bore you? you had not foresight enough to make yourself known to him. A fine sort of a wise man, this, to call another fool!

Ulysses. Go, I leave thee with the shade of Ajax, as brutal as thyself, and as jealous of my glory.



DIALOGUE VI.

ULYSSES, GRILLUS.

The state of man would be worse than that of beasts, was it not for the comforts of solid philosophy, and true religion.

Ulysses. **A**RE you not overjoy'd, my dear Grillus, to see me again, and to be in a condition of re-assuming your antient form?

Grillus. I am really so, at seeing you again, fav'rite of Minerva; but as for the re-assuming my antient form, you'll excuse me if you please.

Ulysses. Alas! Child, do you know how you are now made? you are far from being finely shap'd, I'll assure you. Your body is thick-set, and prone to the earth; your ears long, and dangling down; your eyes very small, and scarce half opened; your snout horrid,

your phiz very unpromising, and your hair coarse and bristly : in short, if you don't know it yet, let me tell you, that take you all together, you are a very frightful sort of a body ; and if you have but the least spirit, you'll think yourself very happy in being able to recommence man.

Grillus. You may talk as long as you please, but I'll assure you, I shan't do it : I like the swinish trade much better. 'Tis true, my shape is none of the finest, but 'tis only forbearing to look in a glass, and in the humour I am, there is no great danger of my seeing myself in the water ; for I love a mire far beyond a crystal fountain.

Ulysses. And does not this beastliness affright you ? you live upon nastiness, wallow in unwholesome places, and always stink so wretchedly, that whoever comes near you is ready to puke.

Grillus. No matter, every thing depends upon fancy ; the smell of this nastiness to me is amber, the taste nectar.

Ulysses. I vow I blush for you ; have you already forgotten all that is noble and advantageous in human nature ?

Grillus. Tell me no more of human nature : what you call noble, is imaginary ; all its evils are real, whilst its blessings are placed in the idea. My body is filthy, and covered with bristles ; but I no longer stand in need of cloathing, and you would be more happy in the

the course of your adventures, was your body as hairy as mine, and if, like me, you stood in need of no garments : my food I find every where, even in the most fulsome places ; nor war, nor law-suits, nor any other evils of life vex me ; I want neither cook, barber, taylor, nor architect : I am free and easily satisfy'd ; why then wou'd you lead me into all the necessities of mankind ?

Ulysses. 'Tis true, that man's necessities are great, but he has invented arts by which he can satisfy them, and which turn to his honour, and give him delight.

Grillus. It is better to be free from all these necessities, than to be master of the most excellent means for supplying them ; as it is better to enjoy a perfect health, without the assistance of physick, than to be sick, though you have the best remedies applied for your cure.

Ulysses. But, dear *Grillus*, do you esteem as nothing eloquence, poetry, musick, the knowledge of arts, and of the whole world, that of numbers and figures ? have you renounced our country, its sacrifices, feasts, games, dances, combats, and the crowns which are the rewards of conquerors ? Prithee answer me.

Grillus. My swinish temper is so happy, that I am above all those fine things. I had rather grunt, than be as eloquent as you are ; and what puts me more out of conceit with eloquence is, that yours, which is equal to *Minerva's*, does not in the least affect me. I do

not endeavour to persuade any body else, nor do I desire to be persuaded. Verse I care as little for as I do for prose : all those things are grown insipid to me. As for wrestling, and chariot-races, I willingly leave them to those who are as fond of a garland as a child of a rattle. I am no longer active enough to win the prize, nor shall I envy it in any one less burdened with fat and lard. I have lost all relish of musick, and 'tis by our taste of things we judge of them ; your taste makes you relish it, mine makes me loath it. Of this no more. Return to Ithaca. A hog's country is every place where acorns are to be found. Go reign, see Penelope again, and punish her lovers. My Penelope is a sow, not far from here, she reigns in my sty, and nothing disturbs our empire. How many kings, in their lofty palaces, cannot attain the happiness I now enjoy ! The people call them lazy, and unworthy of the throne, when, like me, they resolve not to torment mankind.

Ulysses. You don't consider that a hog is always exposed to the mercy of men, and is fattened only to have his throat cut ; so that, with your fine way of reasoning, you will soon end your life, and those men amongst whom you will not be ranked, will eat your bacon, your puddings and your gammons.

Grillus. True, this is the danger of my state, but has not yours its perils also ? I expose myself to death, for the sake of an agreeable life,
whose

whose pleasures are real ; you expose yourself to a more sudden death, for the sake of an unhappy life, and whose glory is chimerical : from hence I infer, that one had better be a hog than a hero. Was Apollo himself one day to sing your victories, his song would not ease your pains, or preserve you from death. The life of a hog is certainly by much the more preferable.

Ulysses. And are you senseless, and brutish enough, to despise wisdom, which makes men almost equal to the Gods.

Grillus. You mistake, 'tis that very wisdom which makes me despise them : for 'tis impious to believe that they resemble the Gods, seeing that they are blind, unjust, deceitful, mischievous, unhappy, and deserve so to be ; armed in a cruel manner against one another, and as much enemies to themselves, as they are to their neighbours. Of what advantage is that wisdom so much boasted of ? does it reform men's morals ? all the use they make of it, is to flatter, and to gratify their passions. Had not one better be without reason, than to have it only to authorise the most unreasonable actions ? Talk no longer of man ; he is the most unjust, and consequently the most irrational animal. Without flattering myself, a hog is a clever creature enough ; he neither coins false money, nor draws false contracts ; he never forswears himself, has neither avarice nor ambition ; honour never makes

him undertake unjust conquests, he is ingenuous without malice, and spends his whole life in eating, drinking, and sleeping. If all the world was like him, all the world would sleep quietly, and you would not be here. Paris had never carried Helen away; the Greeks would never have conquered Troy, after a ten years siege; you never had wandered thus by sea and land, exposed to the caprice of fortune, nor would you now stand in need of conquering your own kingdom. Talk to me therefore no longer of reason, for man is filled with folly: had not one better be a brute, than a wicked fool?

Ulysses. I vow I can't sufficiently admire your stupidity.

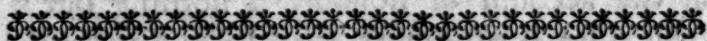
Grillus. A fine wonder indeed, that a hog should be stupid; let every one preserve his own character; do you preserve that of being a disquiet, eloquent, imperious, subtle disturber of the public repose. The nation to which I belong is modest, silent, enemy to subtlety, and to fine speeches; without reasoning they directly go to the enjoyment of pleasure.

Ulysses. Yet dare not you disown, but that immortality, which is reserved for men, raises their condition infinitely above that of beasts: I am struck dumb with admiration at the blindness of *Grillus*, who values as nought the delights of the Elysian fields, where men live happy after their deaths.

Grillus. Hold, if you please; I am not so much

much of a hog as to renounce human nature, if you could shew me that man enjoyed a true immortality: but to be nothing but a shadow, a whining shadow, which even in the Elysian fields cowardly regrets the pains of the world, I own that such a shadow of immortality is not worth constraining one's self for. Achilles in the Elysian fields plays at coits on the grass, but he would give up all his glory, which is but a dream, to be the ignominious Therfites among the living. Achilles so undeceived now on the account of honour, is nothing but a shade: he is no longer himself, you find nothing in him of his courage and sentiments; and all that remains tends only to dishonour him: that empty shadow is no more Achilles, than this is my body. Do not therefore, eloquent Ulysses, flatter yourself that you can deceive me by a false appearance of immortality; I would enjoy something more real, for want of which, I resolve to remain in the condition I now am. Shew me that man has something in him more noble than his body, and free from corruption; shew that the faculty of thinking is not inherent in matter, but shall subsist after the dissolution of this unwieldy and ill-contrived piece of mechanism: in short, shew me that what remains after this life, is a truly happy being; prove that the Gods are not unjust, but that after this life there is a solid reward for virtue, which has been miserable here on earth; and immediately,

ately, divine offspring of Laertes, I will with you share your dangers, contented leave the styes of Circe, and become man, and man always fore-armed against pleasure: but by no other means shall you compass your ends. I would rather be a fat hog, satisfy'd with filthiness, than be a weak, vain, inconstant, deceitful, mischief-making, unjust man, who hopes for nothing after death, but to be a melancholy whining shade, unsatisfied with its own condition.



DIALOGUE VII.

ROMULUS and REMUS.

Greatness, acquir'd by crimes, can afford neither honour nor solid happiness.

Remus. **A**T length, brother, you are reduced to my condition; 'twas scarce worth your while to put me to death for this: those few years that you have reigned alone, are at an end, and nothing now remains of them; you would have spent them with much more tranquillity, could you have lived peaceably, and shared the authority with me.

Romulus. Had I been thus moderate, I had never founded so powerful a city, nor gained such victories as have made me immortal.

Remus. It had been much better for you
to

to have had less power, and more justice and virtue ; I appeal for the truth of this to Minos and his two colleagues, who are now going to judge you.

Romulus. That's very hard ; on earth no one would have dared to judge me.

Remus. My blood, in which you have imbrued your hands, will condemn you here below, and blast your reputation on earth. You desired honour and authority ; that authority has just passed thro' your hands, and slipped away from you like a dream. As for honour, you never will possess any ; there is no pretending to be great, without first being honest ; and you must shun crimes which are unworthy of men, before you aspire to the virtues of the Gods : you had the inhumanity of a monster, yet pretended to be a hero.

Romulus. You would not unpunished have talked after this manner to me, whilst we were tracing out our city.

Remus. I am to my cost sensible of the truth of that ; but how came you to descend to us ? 'twas reported that you was become immortal.

Romulus. My people have been foolish enough to believe so.

DIALOGUE VIII.

ROMULUS and TATIUS.

True heroism is inconsistent with fraud and violence.

Tatius. I Am arrived here a little sooner than thou art, but at length we are both come, and I don't see that you are a bit forwarder in your affairs than I am in mine.

Romulus. The difference between us is very great; I have the honour of having founded a city which shall endure for ever, and whose empire shall have no other limits than those of the universe; I have overcome the neighbouring people: I have formed an invincible nation out of a company of refugee criminals: what hast thou done that may be compared with these wonders?

Tatius. Fine wonders indeed! to assemble a company of thieves and robbers, to make one's self chief of a gang of banditti; unpunished to ravage the neighbouring countries, treacherously to carry off their women, to assassinate one's own brother: these are things, I must confess, which I have not done. Your city will last as long as it shall please the Gods, but 'tis raised upon a very poor foundation. As for your empire, it may easily be extended, for you have taught your citizens nothing but how to usurp other men's goods. They now stand in need of a prince to govern them,
more

more moderate and just than thou wert; and 'tis reported that my son-in-law Numa has succeeded thee; he is wise, just, religious, and bountiful: this is the man they stand in need of to reform the republic, and to repair thy faults.

Romulus. It is an easy matter to spend one's life in judging law-suits, appeasing quarrels, and civilizing a city; but 'tis an inglorious life: the true hero is he who spends his time in extending his conquests, and gaining new triumphs.

Tatius. A very fine piece of heroism truly, to assassinate all those whom we are jealous of!

Romulus. How! to assassinate! I hope you don't suspect that I had you put to death.

Tatius. Suspect it; no, no, I don't in the least suspect it, but I am very certain of it: you could no longer bear that I should share the kingdom with you; all those who since me have crossed the Styx, have assured me that you have not endeavoured to discountenance such an opinion; no sorrow for my death, no care taken to revenge it, and to punish my murderers. But you have met with the fate you deserved; when we teach impious men to assassinate a king, they will make no great difficulty of sacrificing a second.

Romulus. Well; and had I put you to death, I should but have followed the same treacherous example which you set me, in deceiving the virgin Tarpeia; you agreed with her to let
you

you come up with your troops to surprize the rock, which from her was called the Tarpeian rock; you promised her for a reward, what the Sabines wore on their left arms; she expected to receive the precious bracelets which she had seen; instead of that, all their bucklers were thrown upon her, with which she was immediately smothered. That, that, was a treacherous and cruel action.

Tatius. Yours, in putting me to death, was a blacker piece of treason, for we had sworn an eternal alliance, and united our two people; but I am revenged. Your senators found the means of repelling your boldness and tyranny; there did not remain the least particle of your mangled body. Probably each one of the senators carried off a piece under his robe: this was the means of your commencing God: you appeared to Proculus with immortal majesty: are you not satisfy'd with this honour, you that are so ambitious?

Romulus. Not overmuch really: but there is no remedy to my misfortunes, they mangle me, and then they adore me; this is in a manner deriding me. If I was living, I'd—

Tatius. 'Tis in vain to threaten, shadows are impotent. Farewell, thou wicked wretch, I forsake thee.

DIALOGUE IX.

ROMULUS, NUMA POMPILIUS.

The glory of a wise and peaceable king is more solid than that of an unjust conqueror.

Romulus. YOU have staid a great while before you came here; your reign has been very long.

Numa Pompilius. That was because it has been peaceable. The means of attaining an extreme old age on the throne, is to do evil to no one, never to abuse authority, and so to behave ourselves, that it should be no one's interest to wish our death.

Romulus. But when you reign with so much moderation, you live obscurely, and die ingloriously. You have the trouble of governing men, without tasting the pleasures of authority. It is far better to conquer, to bear down all that opposes you, and to aspire to immortality.

Numa Pompilius. But pray, what does your immortality consist in? I had heard that you was ranked amongst the Gods, and drank nectar at the table of Jove? How comes it about that I find you here?

Romulus. To tell you the truth, the senators, grown jealous of my glory, began to mistrust me, and loaded me with honours after they had torn me in pieces; they chose rather to adore

adore me as a God, than to obey me as their king.

Numa Pompilius. What, was not Proculus's story true then?

Romulus. Don't you know how many of those things are imposed upon the people? You know more of this than any body else, who persuaded them that you was inspired by the nymph Egeria. Proculus seeing the people incensed at my death, quieted them with this fabulous story. Men love to be deceived, and flattery will appease their greatest pains.

Numa Pompilius. Did all your immortality then consist in the stabs you received?

Romulus. No; I had priests, altars, victims, and frankincense.

Numa Pompilius. But this frankincense is no restorative; spite of it you are but a vain and impotent shadow, without hopes of ever seeing the light again. You see therefore that nothing is so solid as being good, just, moderate, and beloved by one's people. In this manner you may live long, and enjoy tranquillity; 'tis true you have no sacrifice offered you, nor are you reckoned immortal: but to make you amends, you enjoy health, reign without trouble, and do good to the people whom you govern.

Romulus. But you was not young when you began to reign.

Numa Pompilius. I was forty years old, and that

that prov'd my happiness : had I ascended the throne sooner, I should have been without experience, and without wisdom, exposed to my own passions. Power is dangerous in the hands of one who is young and hot; you have fatally experienced the truth of this, who in your passion killed your own brother, and made yourself hated by all your citizens.

Romulus. Since you have lived so long, you certainly had a good and faithful guard always round you.

Numa Pompilius. No, I'll assure you ; the first thing I did, was to get rid of the three hundred guards, called the Celeres, whom you had chosen. A man who must be courted to accept of royalty, who accepts of it only for the publick good, and is willing to lay it down again, need not fear to die like a tyrant. For my part, I thought I did the Romans a favour when I accepted of the government ; I lived in poverty to enrich the people ; all the neighbouring nations would have wished to have been under my government. When this was my condition, did I stand in need of guards ? As for my part, I was a poor mortal, and no body thought it their interest to give me that immortality which the senate thought you worthy of. My guard was the love of my citizens, who looked on me as their father. Cannot a king trust his life to a people, who trust him with their goods, their repose, and their preservation ? such a confidence was but equal on each side.

D

Romulus.

Romulus. To hear you talk, one would think you had been made a king in spite of yourself, and you imposed upon the people in that, as you did on the account of religion.

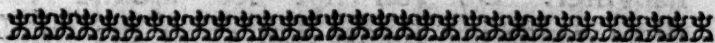
Numa Pompilius. They came to fetch me out of the solitude in which I liv'd at Cures : at first I represented to them, that I was not in the least fit to govern a warlike people, always used to triumphs ; that they wanted a *Romulus* still ready to conquer. To this I added, that yours and *Tatius's* death, did not make me overfond of succeeding these two kings : and lastly, I represented that I never had so much as been present at a combat. Spite of all this, they persisted in their solicitations, and at last I yielded ; but I still lived poorly, plainly, and moderately on the throne, without preferring myself to any of the citizens. I reunited the Romans and the Sabines, insomuch that you cannot now perceive that they ever were two nations. I have restored the golden age. The people not only in the neighbourhood of Rome, but even throughout Italy, were sensible of the plenty, which by my means was diffus'd through the land. Agriculture, once esteemed, has civilized the savage people, and fixed them to their country, without exciting their turbulent desire in them of invading their neighbours lands.

Romulus. This peace and this plenty serves only to puff a nation up with pride, to make them untoward to their king, and to soften them,

OF THE DEAD. 35

them, insomuch that they never will be able to support the fatigues and the dangers of war. Had any body waged war with you, what had you done, you that never so much as saw a combat? I suppose you must have desired the enemies to stay till you had consulted your nymph Egeria.

Numa Pompilius. If I did not know how to wage war like you, I knew how to avoid it, and make myself be beloved and respected by my neighbours. I have given laws to the Romans, which making them just, sober, and laborious, will always make them formidable to those who would attack them. All that I fear is, that they shou'd still have too much of that spirit of rapine and violence which you infused in them.



DIALOGUE X.

XERXES and LEONIDAS.

'Tis wisdom and valour that makes a state invincible, and not the number of subjects, or the unlimited authority of princes.

Xerxes. I Intend thee a great honour, Leonidas; you may still belong to my retinue here on the shores of Styx.

Leonidas. The chief intent of my coming here, was to repel thy tyranny, and never to

see thee more. Go seek thy wives, thy eunuchs, thy slaves, and thy flatterers; such are the fittest company for thee.

Xerxes. Did you ever see so insolent a brute? a beggar who never had any thing but the name of a king without the authority! a captain of the banditti! Are you not ashamed to compare yourself to so potent a king? Have you forgotten how I covered the earth with my army, and the seas with my fleet? did you not know that my soldiers could not quench their thirst without draining rivers?

Leonidas. How dare you boast the number of your forces? three hundred Spartans whom I commanded at Thermopylæ, were slain by thy innumerable army, but not conquered; they never fell until they were weary with slaughter. Do you not see around you those wandering shades that cover the whole shore? these are the twenty thousand Persians whom we have slain. Ask them how many men one Spartan is worth, or at least how many of yours. 'Tis courage, not multitude, that makes an army invincible.

Xerxes. Thy action was a rash and desperate one.

Leonidas. No, it was a wise and a generous one: we thought it our duty to devote ourselves to certain death, to shew how dangerous it was to undertake to inflame the Greeks, and to give all Greece time to arm, and conquer, or perish like us. And indeed this example of courage dismayed the Persians, and re-

reanimated the affrighted Grecians. Our death was well employed.

Xerxes. Oh, how griev'd I am, that I did not enter into Peloponnesus, after having ravaged Attica; I wou'd have reduced thy Lacedæmon, as I did Athens, to ashes. Wretched impudent fellow, I would—

Leonidas. This is not a fit time either to flatter, or to offer affronts, we are in the region of truth. Do you still imagine yourself a potent monarch? thy treasures are far off, thou hast no guards, no army, no pomp, no pleasure; your ears no longer will be soothed with praise; you are naked, alone, and just about to appear before Minos's judgment-seat, but still thy shade is haughty and proud; thou wert not more arrogant when thou hadst the sea lashed: indeed you richly deserved to be lashed yourself for that extravagant action. Do you remember those golden chains which you threw into the Hellespont, pretending thereby to enslave the winds? A pretty sort of a fellow truly, to subdue the seas! But soon after you was glad to return hastily to Asia, in a boat like a fisherman. This is what the intolerable vanity of that man will come to, who endeavours to force the laws of nature, and forgets his own weakness.

Xerxes. Alas! I see (but too late) that those kings who think that every thing is in their power, are slaves to their own passions. How can a man resist his own power, and the flattery of those by whom he is surrounded?

what a misfortune it is to be born amidst so many dangers ?

Leonidas. And therefore I esteem my royalty more than yours : I was a king, upon condition that I should lead a hard, sober, and laborious life, like my people. I was a king only to defend my country, and to put the laws in force : my sovereignty gave me the power of doing good, without permitting me to do what was evil.

Xerxes. Yes ; but then you was poor, and lived without state, and without authority : any one of my peers was richer and more powerful than thou wert.

Leonidas. 'Tis true, that like you, I could not have pierced Mount Athos ; nay, I believe that every one of your peers defrauded his respective province of more gold and silver than could have been found in all our republick : but our arms, without being gilt, have pierced those soft and effeminate men, on whose innumerable multitude you rely'd.

Xerxes. And yet had I immediately entered into Peloponnesus, all Greece would have been subdued ; no city, not even thine, could have resisted me.

Leonidas. That I confess ; and for this reason I despise the power of a raw, undisciplined, barbarous nation, which either stands in need of good counsels ; or when they are given knows not how to execute them, but prefers shallow and deceitful advices before them.

Xerxes. The Greeks were for making a wall
to

to shut in their Isthmus, but that wall was not yet built, and I might have easily entered.

Leonidas. True, the wall was not built, but you, I am sure, was never designed to prevent any of their undertakings; your weakness was of more service to the Greeks than their own strength.

Xerxes. Had I taken this Isthmus, I would have shewn—

Leonidas. You would have been guilty of some other blunder, for some you must have made, being so depraved by pride, sloth, and a hatred of sincere counsels; and you might have been surprized with much more ease than the Isthmus.

Xerxes. But I was neither cowardly nor mischievous, as you imagined.

Leonidas. You naturally had a share of courage and good-nature; the tears which you shed at the sight of so many thousand men, of whom not one was to see another age, are a sufficient proof of your humanity; this was the finest action of your life: had you not been too powerful, and too happy, you might have been an honest man.

DIALOGUE XI.

SOLON and PISISTRATUS.

*Tyranny often proves more fatal to the monarch,
than to the people.*

Solon. SO! you thought if you could but make your fellow-citizens your slaves, you should be a very happy man. How well

have you succeeded? You despised all the counsels I gave you, and trampled upon my laws. What have you reap'd from your tyranny, but the curses of the Athenians, and the just tortures which you must now endure in hell?

Pisistratus. And yet I govern'd with moderation enough: true, I would govern and sacrifice every thing that my authority was jealous of.

Solon. This is what you may truly call a tyrant, he does not injure for the sake of injuring, yet never boggles at doing ill, provided he believes 'twill serve to increase his grandeur.

Pisistratus. I was willing to acquire honour.

Solon. What honour! to enslave your country, to be accounted by posterity an impious wretch, without faith, justice, or humanity! You ought to have acquir'd honour by the same means that many other Grecians have acquir'd it, by doing good to your country, and not by oppressing it as you have done.

Pisistratus. But when a man has greatness of soul, genius and eloquence sufficient to govern, 'tis hard to spend one's life in dependance on a capricious people.

Solon. That I agree to; but then you ought to rule the people by the authority of the laws. You very well know that I myself was of the royal blood: Did I shew any ambitious desire of governing Athens? far from that, I sacrificed my all to have the wholesome laws put in execution: I liv'd poor and retir'd, and

never employ'd any means but persuasion and a good example, which are the arms of virtue. Did you act thus?

Pisistratus. I did not, but 'twas because I intended to leave the kingdom to my children.

Solon. And you have finely succeeded! the only inheritance you have left them is the public hatred. The most generous citizens have merited statues and immortal honours, for having stabbed one of thy sons; the other is fled, and in a servile manner is forced to implore the assistance of a barbarian king against his own country. This is the heritage you have left your children. Had you, instead of that, left 'em the love of their country, and taught them to despise pomp, they still might have lived happily amongst the Athenians.

Pisistratus. But must one live ingloriously, and in obscurity?

Solon. Is glory to be acquired by crimes only? We must seek it in the battles which we fight with our enemies, in all the moderate virtues of a good citizen, and in the contempt of every thing that intoxicates and softens a man. O Pisistratus! honour is a fine thing; happy are those who know how to find it: but how pernicious a thing it is to seek for it, where it is not to be found!

Pisistratus. But the people had too much liberty, and a people too free, is more insupportable than the worst of tyrants.

Solon. You ought then to have assisted me in somewhat restraining the liberties of the people,

people, by establishing my laws, and not trample the laws under foot, to tyrannise over the people. You have acted like a father, who to make his son tractable and obedient, should sell him into bondage for life.

Pisistratus. But the Athenians are too jealous of their liberties.

Solon. 'Tis true, the Athenians are even immoderately jealous of their liberties, but then they really belong to them; but were you not more jealous of a tyranny which in no manner of wise belong'd to you?

Pisistratus. I could not bear to see the people subject to sophisters and rhetoricians, who prevailed over those who were wiser than themselves.

Solon. And yet it was far better for the people to be imposed upon by sophisters and rhetoricians, by their arguments and eloquence, than to have the mouths both of good and evil counsellors closed; and by that means the people oppressed, and nothing but your passions minded. But what pleasure could you enjoy in such a power? What can be the charms of tyranny?

Pisistratus. To be able to do every thing, to be feared by every body, and at the same time to stand in fear of no one.

Solon. Senseless man! You had reason to fear every body; and you experienced it when you fell from the height of your fortune, and found so much difficulty in rising again: you experienc'd it a second time in the persons of

of your children. Who had most reason to fear, the Athenians or you? The Athenians, who bearing the yoke of slavery, detested and abhorr'd thee, or you who ought always to apprehend being betray'd, dethron'd, and punish'd for your usurpation? You certainly then had more reason to fear, than this captive people, to whom you had made yourself so formidable.

Pisistratus. I confess it, and own that I never met with any solid pleasure in tyranny; yet had I never courage enough to lay it down: had I lost my authority, I should infallibly have pined away.

Solon. Acknowledge then that tyranny is as destructive to the tyrant as to the people; there is no happiness in possessing it, and yet a misery in losing it.

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## DIALOGUE XII.

SOLON and JUSTINIAN.

*A just idea of laws fit to make a people good and happy.*

*Justinian.* **N**othing is equal to the majesty of the Roman laws: amongst the Greeks you have been accounted a great legislator, but had you lived amongst us your glory would have been very much eclips'd.

*Solon.* Why so? should I have been despised in your country?

*Justinian.* No, but the Romans have very much excell'd the Grecians, both in the number and perfection of their laws.

*Solon.* In what have they excell'd them?

*Justinian.* We have an infinite number of wondrous laws, and I shall be honourably recorded in all succeeding ages, for having compiled the whole body of laws in my code.

*Solon.* I have often heard Cicero say, since his descent hither, that the law of the twelve tables was the most perfect that ever the Romans had; you'll allow me, I hope, to observe, that these laws were transferred from the Greeks to the Romans; and that the greatest part of them came from Lacedæmon.

*Justinian.* They shall come from where you please; but they were too plain and too short, to be compared to our laws, which have foreseen, decided, and put every thing in order with abundance of particulars.

*Solon.* For my part, I thought that good laws were to be clear, plain, short, and proportioned to the understanding of all the people, who may easily comprehend them, remember them, love them, and obey them, at all times, and in all places.

*Justinian.* But short, and plain laws, do not sufficiently shew the learning of counsellors, or afford matter for intricate debates.

*Solon.* I must confess, I thought that laws were made to avoid intricate questions, and only to preserve good morals, order, and peace amongst the people; but you tell me that they

they ought to exercise the subtile wits of lawyers, and afford matter for pleading.

*Justinian.* Rome has produced many learned counsellors, whereas, in Sparta, there was nothing but ignorant soldiers.

*Solon.* I should have thought that good laws were those where no counsellors are wanting, and under whose protection the most ignorant may live, without being forced to consult sophisters upon the sense of different texts; and the manner of reconciling them. I should infer, that laws could be good for nothing, which stood in need of so many learned men to explain their meaning, when even they themselves could never agree in it.

*Justinian.* And therefore to reconcile them I made my collection.

*Solon.* Tribonius was telling me yesterday that he did it.

*Justinian.* True, but he did it by my orders; an emperor never compiles such a work as that himself.

*Solon.* As for my part, who have reigned as well as you, I thought that the chief duty of him who governed the people, was to give laws which should restrain both king and people, and make them both honest and happy. To command armies, and to gain victories, is nothing in comparison of the glory of a legislator. But to return to Tribonius: he has compiled the laws of different ages, which have often been changed; but you never had a body of laws all framed at the same time,

and upon the same plan, to mould the morals, and the entire government of a nation. 'Tis a collection of private laws, to determine the reciprocal pretensions of private persons. The Greeks only have the honour of having framed laws to train up a people by the principles of philosophy, and by them to direct all their policy, and all their governments. The multitude of your laws, which you so much boast of, firmly persuade me, that either you had none that were good, or that you could not preserve them in their primitive simplicity. That a people may be well governed, they ought to have few laws, and few judges; you shall seldom find men capable of judging. The multitude of judges corrupt every thing, nor are the multitude of laws less pernicious. They are no longer understood or obey'd, when there are so many; people accustom themselves apparently to revere, and at the same time under frivolous pretences to violate them. The vanity of men sets them upon making laws formally, and with pomp; but their avarice, and other passions, make them despise them, whilst subtle sophisters explain them just as they are fad to do it. From hence proceeds Cavilling, a monster born to devour mankind. I judge of causes by their effects; the laws of no country appear good to me, but where there's no pleading, and where plain and short laws may be understood, without glosses and commentaries. I would have neither wills nor adoptions, disin-

herit-

heritings, borrowing, selling or exchanging; I would have a small tract of ground allotted each family, which it should be in no body's power to alienate, and the magistrate should equally divide this estate according to law, amongst the children, after the father's death. When families multiply so fast, that the land is too little for them, I would send a colony of people into some desert island. This short and easy rule observed, there would be no need of all your codes, and I would only think of regulating men's manners, of educating youth soberly, patiently, laboriously and courageously, and I would teach them to despise luxury, dangers, and death. This would be far better than drawing up bonds, and refining upon contracts.

*Justinian.* By such dry laws, you would totally destroy the eloquence of counsellors.

*Solon.* I should love dry and unpolished laws far better than an eloquence which disturbs mankind, and in the end destroys their morals. Never were so many laws seen as in your time, never was the empire so soft, effeminate, degenerated, and unworthy of the antient Romans, who so very much resembled the Spartans. For your own part, you was a deceitful, wicked, impious destroyer of good laws, always swelled with vanity and falshood, and your Tribonius was as wicked, a dissolute double-dealing fellow as yourself. But to return to the laws, they are such no longer than they are understood, beloved and respected,  
and

and their goodness consists in making people good and happy. But your collection of them has made no one either good or happy; from whence I conclude, that they deserve to be burned. You grow passionate, your imperial majesty believes itself above truth; but you are a shadow, to which, without running any risque, one may say any thing. However, I'll leave you, and give you time to cool.



## DIALOGUE XIII.

DEMOCRITUS and HERACLITUS.

*These two philosophers are compared together, and the latter allowed to be the most humane.*

*Democritus.* I CAN never relish so grave a philosophy.

*Heracitus.* Nor I so gay a one. A wise man can see nothing in the world but what must be displeasing to him.

*Democritus.* You are too serious, upon my word, in these affairs.

*Heracitus.* And you by much too merry; with that scornful face you resemble a satyr more than a philosopher: are not you mov'd at the blindness and corruption of mankind?

*Democritus.* Not near so much as at their ridiculous impertinence.

*Heracitus.* But do you consider, that when you laugh, 'tis at all mankind, with whom  
you

you live and converse; 'tis at your friends, your family, nay, even at yourself?

*Democritus.* The fools I laugh at, are such as I care not a pin for; and I think myself wise in laughing at them.

*Heracitus.* Those who have either wisdom or humanity in them, cannot laugh at fools. Besides, are you certain that you are not as extravagant as they are?

*Democritus.* That cannot be, whilst in every thing I think so differently from them.

*Heracitus.* There are follies of various kinds; and whilst in your opinions you differ so much from the rest of mankind, you run perhaps into another extreme as foolish as theirs.

*Democritus.* You may think what you please of the matter, and if you have any tears left, may shed some for me; as for my part, I'll still laugh at fools, and are not all men such? Ha!

*Heracitus.* Alas, 'tis but too true, they are, and that afflicts me; we both agree in this, that mankind strays from reason: when I perceive this, I endeavour to shun their example, and to follow reason, which teaches me to love them, and this love fills me with compassion for them. Am I to blame because I pity those of my own species, my brethren, who are a part of myself? Should you go into an hospital, could you laugh at the maim'd and the wounded? Believe me, the sores of the body are nothing, when compar'd

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to

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to those of the mind. Your own cruelty would confound you, had you laugh'd at an unhappy wretch, obliged to have his leg cut off; and yet you are cruel enough to laugh at the whole world, for having lost their reason.

*Democritus.* The man who has lost a leg, deserves to be pitied, because it was an accident, and not of his own seeking; but he who forfeits his reason, loses it thro' his own fault.

*Heracitus.* And therefore deserves our pity, by so much the more as a madman who plucks out both his eyes, would deserve it above one who accidentally became blind.

*Democritus.* Come, don't let us quarrel, we are both justifiable. The world is ridiculous, and therefore I laugh at it; 'tis pitiful, and therefore you weep over it. Our different tempers make us behold objects in different lights; but certain it is, that the world is very much in the wrong. If we would have our thoughts and actions praise-worthy, we must think and act in a manner very different from the multitude; and he who pleads the authority and example of the generality of mankind, for what he does, is a madman.

*Heracitus.* You are very much in the right of it, but yet you are cruel, and delighted at the misfortunes of others: your actions plainly shew that you neither love mankind, nor the virtue which they forsake.

## DIALOGUE XIV.

HERODOTUS and LUCIAN.

*To be too credulous is a vice, to be wholly faithless  
a greater.*

*Herodotus.* **A** Good morning to you, friend; to your laughing days are over, I hope. How many famous men have you set a-talking, whilst they crossed the ferry in Charon's boat; but 'tis your turn, at last, to visit the Stygian shore. I do not blame you for having ridiculed tyrants, flatterers, and wicked men; but why should you trouble yourself about me?

*Lucian.* Why, when did I ridicule you? or hast a mind to pick a quarrel?

*Herodotus.* In your true history, and several other places, you treat what I have said as fabulous.

*Lucian.* Am I to be blamed for that? How many things have you advanced upon the bare testimony of priests, and such like people, who are always fond of something mysterious and ridiculous?

*Herodotus.* You impious wretch! you had no notion of religion.

*Lucian.* There was need of one more pure, and less trifling than what was taught us of Jupiter, Venus, Mars, Apollo, and the rest of the Gods, if you would have made men of sense faithful; I think you the most impious for having believed such stuff.

*Herodotus.* But you despised philosophy as much as religion ; nothing was sacred to you.

*Lucian.* I despised the Gods, because the poets described them as much more corrupt than the race of mankind ; and for the philosophers, they only pretended to a love of virtue, but their souls were full of vice : had they really been philosophers, I should have respected them.

*Herodotus.* How have you treated Socrates ? Was it his fault, pray now, or yours ? Will you answer that ?

*Lucian.* I own that I have played a little upon those things of which he stood accused, but I never condemned him seriously.

*Herodotus.* And must you play upon so great a man, when, at the same time, the calumny was so gross and apparent ? but confess the truth : Did not you make it your whole business to laugh at every thing ? to shew every thing in a ridiculous light ? yet never gave yourself the trouble of establishing any thing serious and solid in the room of what you was laughing out of doors.

*Lucian.* You mistake me : did I not lash vice, and satirize great men who made an ill use of their power ? Have I not preached up the contempt of riches and pleasure ?

*Herodotus.* 'Tis true that you have spoken well of virtue, but 'twas only for an opportunity of censuring the faults of all mankind, which favours more of the satirist than the philosopher ; and when you commended virtue,

tue, you never took care to derive it from religion and philosophy, from which it has its beginning.

*Lucian.* You argue much better now than you did whilst travelling; however, the truth of the matter is, I was too faithless, and you were too credulous.

*Herodotus.* You are the same man still, making a jest of every thing; 'tis time that your shade, Lucian, should have a little more gravity in it.

*Lucian.* Gravity! I have seen so much, that I am weary of it: I was surrounded with philosophers, who, without shame, without moderation, without friendship, without faith, and without justice, valued themselves upon being grave.

*Herodotus.* You speak of the philosophers of your age, who were degenerated, but —

*Lucian.* But what! would you have had me see those who were dead several hundred years before I was born? I do not, like Pythagoras, remember my having been at the siege of Troy; every body is not an Euphorbus.

*Herodotus.* Jestings again? thus you answer the most solid arguments; I wish that for a punishment of your incredulity, the Gods would send your soul to animate the body of some traveller; then you would be convinced of the truth of what you have called fabulous.

*Lucian.* And then enter the body of some philosopher of each different sect, one after another, that I might be of the several opi-

nions which I have ridiculed. A very pretty thing, faith! but all of a piece with several other things that you have advanced.

*Herodotus.* Go, I leave thee, nor am I grieved when I reflect that you have dealt no worse by me, than by Homer, Socrates, Pythagoras, and Plato himself, from whom you first learnt the art of writing dialogues, though you have made use of them to ridicule his philosophy.



## DIALOGUE XV.

SOCRATES and ALCIBIADES.

*Natural endowments do but disboncur a man, unless they are backed by virtue.*

*Socrates.* SO, you are still the same agreeable person! who is it that you intend to charm here in hell?

*Alcibiades.* And you are still the same censor of mankind; whom would you reform, you that are always endeavouring to reform somebody?

*Socrates.* I am discouraged from attempting to reform mankind, seeing that all the pains I have taken to incline you to virtue, have proved fruitless.

*Alcibiades.* Would you have had me live poor and retired like yourself, and never have concerned myself with public affairs.

*Socrates.* And, pray, sir, which was the honestest

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nestest part, not to have concerned yourself with them, or by letting them alone, not to have confounded them, and so become the enemy of one's country?

*Alcibiades.* I like the part that I have acted much better than yours; I have been beautiful, magnificent, loaded with honours, and have lived in pleasures. I was the terror of the Persians, and of the Lacedæmonians: nor could the Athenians find any other means of saving their city, than by recalling me. Had I been with them, Lyfander never had entered their port. You was poor, ugly, flat-nos'd, and bald, and your whole life was spent in censuring men's actions. Aristophanes has exposed you upon the stage: you was taken for an impious wretch, and you were put to death.

*Socrates.* You have ty'd up a fine bundle together, prithee let us undo it, and examine every crime in particular. You were beautiful, but you made a shameful use of your beauty, and in luxury you drowned all your good natural qualities; you have done your country great services, but you have also done it a great deal of mischief; and when you did good or ill, you acted on a principle of vain ambition, and consequently you can reap no real glory from it. The enemies of Greece, to whom you gave yourself up, dared not trust you, nor could you trust them. Had it not been far more glorious for you to have lived poor and contented in your own country, and patiently to have suffered all that wicked men

generally inflict upon those who follow virtue? 'Tis better to be ugly and wise, as I was, than beautiful and debauched as you were. The only thing I can be upbraided with, is my love to you, and my having been dazzled by a temper as fickle and inconstant as yours was: your vices have been a dishonour to the philosophical education which Socrates gave you. These, sir, are my crimes.

*Alcibiades.* But your death proves your having been an impious wretch.

*Socrates.* Those may justly be called impious who have broken the statues of the gods to pieces. 'Twas far more honourable to swallow poison for having taught the truth, and thereby provoked mankind who hate it, than to meet one's death in the bosom of a courtesan, as you did.

*Alcibiades.* Your raillery is always very satirical.

*Socrates.* Who can have any patience with a man who seemed designed to do a vast deal of good, but who has done altogether as much mischief, and who still is endeavouring to insult virtue?

*Alcibiades.* So, so; the shade of Socrates and virtue, are then, it seems, but one and the same thing: presumptuous man!

*Socrates.* You may esteem Socrates as nothing, if you please, sir; but after having deceived all the hopes I had formed of filling your soul with virtue, don't come hither to laugh at my philosophy, or to boast of your actions:

actions : for though they have made a figure, they have been very irregular : nor have you any reason to triumph, death has made you as ugly and disagreeable as myself. What fruit have you now in all your pleasures ?

*Alcibiades.* Alas ! 'tis too true ; there is nothing of them remaining now but shame and remorse—But where are you going ? will you leave me already ?

*Socrates.* Adieu to thee : when fir'd with ambition you went to Sicily, Lacedæmon, and into Asia. I never followed you ; 'tis not therefore just that you should now follow me to the Elysian fields, where I am going to lead a peaceable and happy life with Solon, Lycurgus, and the other sages.

*Alcibiades.* Alas ! my dear Socrates, must you be torn from me ? where must I go ?

*Socrates.* With those vain and empty shades, whose lives have been a perpetual mixture of good and evil, and never followed virtue, for any considerable time at once. You were born to pursue her, but you have preferred your passions to her : now she will forsake you, and you shall eternally regret her.

*Alcibiades.* Alas ! my Socrates, you have loved me dearly, will you take no pity on me ? You know better than any body else, that my natural disposition was good.

*Socrates.* And therefore you are inexcusable ; you were born to do good, and you have lived to do evil ; I loved you for the sake of your virtue, but loved you to the endangering of my

my reputation : my love for thee has caused me to be suspected of monstrous crimes which all my doctrines have condemned ; to you I sacrificed my life and honour. Have you forgotten the expedition of Potideus, at which time I was always near thee ? A father cannot be more tender of his son, than I was of you ; in all engagements I was still at thy side : one day, the combat being doubtful, you was wounded ; immediately I threw myself before thee, to cover thee with my body, as with a shield ; I saved thy life, thy liberty, and thy arms : by this action I purchased the crown, but desired the leaders of the army to give it you. I never had any passion but for your honour, nor could I have ever believed that you would have proved your country's disgrace and the source of all its misfortunes.

*Alcibiades.* I hope, my dear Socrates, that you have not forgotten how at another time when our army was defeated, you were flying on foot, and with much difficulty crept away ; and though I was on horseback, I stopped to keep those enemies back, who otherwise must have overtaken and overwhelmed thee : let us set one good turn against the other.

*Socrates.* With all my heart : if I remind you of what I have done, 'tis not with a design to reproach thee, or to boast of what I have done for thee, but only to let you see what pains I have taken to make thee good, and what a poor return I have met with for all my pains.

*Alcibiades.*

*Alcibiades.* You cannot upbraid the actions of my first youth: often, whilst I was listening to your instructions, my heart melted within me, and my eyes were filled with tears: if, drawn away by company, I sometimes left you, you wou'd pursue me as a master does his flying slave: did I then ever offer to resist you? I hearkened to no body but you, and feared no one's displeasure but yours. One day, indeed, I must confess I laid a wager that I would give Hipponicus a slap in the face; I did it, but went afterwards, and begging his pardon, stripped myself before him, that he might scourge me with rods; but he seeing that it was only through a light and wanton temper that I had offended, forgave me my offence.

*Socrates.* Then you acted only like a young hot-brain'd fool: since that, you have acted like a villain, without the least regard to the Gods, to virtue, or to your promise; like a villain, who to satisfy his ambition, sets his country in a blaze, and who debauches the manners of the inhabitants of foreign places: be gone, you raise horror and compassion; spite of your own disposition to be good, you chose to be wicked; and of this I never shall be comforted. But let us part, the three judges will soon pronounce your sentence; but be it what it will, there never more can be any union between us two.

## DIALOGUE XVI.

SOCRATES and ALCIBIADES.

*In a good government people ought to be taught to respect the laws, to love their country, and mankind.*

*Socrates.* **Y**OU are, I see, become wise at your own and the expence of those whom you have deceived: you might very well be the worthy hero of a second *Odyssée*; for in your travels you have seen the manners of as great a number of people as ever *Ulysses* did in his.

*Alcibiades.* I do not so much stand in need of experience, as I do of wisdom; and tho' you laugh at me, you cannot deny but that a man must improve very much by travelling, and seriously studying the manners of mankind.

*Socrates.* 'Tis true that a mind might be improved by such a study; but it must be that of a philosopher, who can seriously apply himself, and who is not, like you, sway'd by pleasure or ambition: a man free from prejudice or passion, could examine and see what was laudable amongst every people, and what good or evil every law had been the cause of. A philosopher, returning from such travels wou'd make an excellent legislator; but you were never capable of giving laws, your talent lay in breaking 'em: you were yet a very youth, when you advis'd your uncle *Pericles* to undertake

dertake a war, that he might avoid giving an account of the public fund. I'm afraid, that even after your death you would be but a poor observer of the laws.

*Alcibiades.* No more of this, I beseech you? my faults are all to be cast in Lethe's streams: Let us now talk of the manners of different people. Wherever I have been, I have met with several customs, and very few laws; all the barbarians walk by no other rule than the example of their fathers: even the Persians, whose morals, in the time of Cyrus, are so much boasted of, have no sign left of that former virtue; their courage and magnificence shew a good natural disposition, but corrupted by vain ostentation and effeminacy; their kings, who are ador'd, and to whom incense is offer'd up, can never be really just, or thoroughly acquainted with the truth of things; nor can a human soul, with moderation enjoy a power as unlimited as theirs is: they imagine that every thing is created for their use, and they dispose of the lives, honours, and estates of other men. Nothing can be more barbarous than this form of government; there are no laws in force; the will and pleasure of one man, whose passions are all flattered, are his and their only law.

*Socrates.* Such a government was not at all agreeable to a genius as free and bold as yours was; but don't you think that the Athenian liberty was carried quite into the other extreme?

*Alcibiades.* The Spartan government was that I liked the best.

*Socrates.* Did not the slavery of the Illotes appear very inhuman to you? Come boldly acknowledge the truth, lay your prejudices aside, and own that here the Greeks are in some degree the barbarians. Is it meet that one half of mankind should treat the other as beasts of burthen?

*Alcibiades.* Why not? provided they are conquered people.

*Socrates.* Though conquered, they still are a people, and the laws of conquest are not of so great a force as those of humanity. Nothing can be a greater piece of tyranny than what you call a conquest, unless the conquered nation was overcome in a just and legal war, and unless the conqueror takes care to give them good laws. The Lacedæmonians ought not therefore to treat the Illotes so inhumanly, seeing that they are men as well as themselves. How horrid and barbarous is it, to see one people sporting with the lives of another, and perpetually disquieting them? As the head of a family ought never to be so taken up with the thoughts of making his family great, as to disturb the repose of a whole people for the sake of it, of which he and his family are but a member: so ought not the head of a nation, hurried away by the wildness of ambition, and a brutal conduct, place a false glory in increasing the power of his people, and troubling the repose of, and enslaving the neighbouring people. Any one nation is as much a member of the whole race of mankind, as any one family is of a parti-

particular nation. Every man is far more obliged to mankind in general, our great commonwealth, than to our own private country. 'Tis therefore far more unjust for a people to act offensively against another, than for any private family to act against the commonwealth. To renounce humanity, does not only denote unpoliteness and barbarism, but also the savage blindness of rogues and banditti; and in such a case we not only lose the characters of men, but become destroyers of mankind.

*Alcibiades.* You grow angry, sir; in the other world you seemed to be better humour'd, your satirical ironies had something more pleasant in them.

*Socrates.* I cannot be pleasant upon so serious a subject; the Spartans have entirely forsaken all the peaceable arts, to give themselves wholly up to war: and as there is no greater evil under the sun than war, they are capable of nothing but doing evil, they value themselves upon it, and contemn every thing that does not tend to the destruction of mankind, and that is not useful to encrease the brutal glory of a handful of men called Spartans. Others must till the earth for their nourishment, whilst they are ravaging the neighbouring lands: they will not live soberly, that they may live justly; but on the other hand, they are hard-hearted and cruel to all who do not belong to their own country, as if they did not belong to the commonwealth of mankind,

kind, more justly than to that of Sparta. War is an evil which dishonours mankind, and could we but for ever bury all our histories, we ought to conceal from posterity that men have been capable of killing one another. All wars are properly civil wars, 'tis still mankind shedding each other's blood, and tearing their own entrails out: the farther a war is extended, the more fatal it is; and therefore the combats of one people against another, are worse than the combats of private families against a republick. We ought therefore never to engage in a war, unless reduced to the last extremity, and then only to repel our foes. Was not Lycurgus ashamed to alter the customs of a people, bred up in all the sweet and innocent occupations which flourish in peaceable times, so as to make them only fit for the destruction of mankind?

*Alcibiades.* You are in the right now in growing angry; but to these would you prefer a people like the Athenians, who could so egregiously refine upon pleasure and luxury? one had better bear with the rough unhewn dispositions of the Spartans.

*Socrates.* You are very much changed of late, and are no longer that man so cried down for his luxury; the Stygian shores make strange alterations, I see: but perhaps you speak thus through complaisance; for during the whole course of your life, you have been a Proteus in your morals. But be that as it will, I must confess, that a people, who by the contagion

of

of their own morals, implant luxury, injustice, fraud, and effeminacy, in another nation, are more guilty, than those whose only business, and whose only merit 'tis to shed their blood; for virtue to men ought to be dearer than life. Lycurgus ought therefore to be praised, for having banished all luxurious arts from his state; but is inexcusable, for having banished agriculture, and other arts, at the same time, necessary to a sober and frugal life. Is it not a shame that a people should not be able to supply themselves with necessaries, but be obliged to another people for tilling the earth for their nourishment?

*Alcibiades.* Well, here I'll confess myself in the wrong; but do you not prefer the severe discipline of Sparta, with that just subordination which subjects their young men to the old, before the unbridled wisdom of the Athenians?

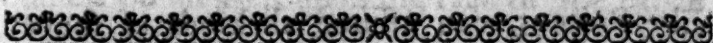
*Socrates.* A people corrupted by an excess of liberty is more insupportable than any tyrant; nor is any master more insolent, than the many, when they triumph over the laws; a just medium ought in this case to be observed. There should be unchangeable written laws sacred to the whole nation, from which those that govern would derive their authority. They might do all the good which these laws could authorize, but never violate them to do evil. This is the order that men for their mutual happiness ought to establish, were they not blind, and their own enemies, but some  
F like

like the Athenians destroy the laws, lest they should give too much authority to the magistrates, whose business it should be to put these laws in force; others, like the Persians, have so superstitious a veneration for their laws, that they make themselves slaves to the magistrates; and they, instead of governing by the laws, govern by their own wills, which becomes a positive law. Thus both the one and the other shoot wide of the mark, which ought to be a liberty and property, derived from the laws, of which the magistrates ought only to be the defenders. He who governs ought to be in the greatest subjection to the laws, for without them he is nothing, and his person is sacred only, as he is a living law, given for the good of mankind, and free from prejudice, passion, and interest. By this you may see how much of barbarism, even the Greeks, who despise the Barbarians, have in them. The Peloponnesian war, in which for the space of twenty-eight years every thing was destroyed by fire and sword, through the ambitious jealousy of the two republics, is too fatal a proof of this truth. Have not you yourself sometimes flattered the grave and implacable ambition of the Spartans, sometimes the more vain and wanton ambition of the Athenians. Athens, with a lesser power, has done greater things, and for a long while triumphed over all Greece; but at last it dwindled away at once, because the despotic power of a people is a blind and foolish power, always

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ways acting against itself, and never grows absolute, and above the laws, but it destroys itself.

*Alcibiades.* I see, that Avitus was very much in the right of it, when he made you drink the poisonous draught. Your politicks were more to be feared than your new religion.



DIALOGUE XVII.

SOCRATES, ALCIBIADES, and TIMON.

*A just medium between the man-hating character of Timon, and the corrupt character of Alcibiades.*

*Alcibiades.* I Am surprized, dear Socrates, to see you have such a relish for this man-hater, this bugbear.

*Socrates.* I am the more surprized, to see him accustom himself to my company.

*Timon.* I am accused of being a man-hater, nor do I deny it. Observe how men are formed, and then judge whether or no I am in the wrong. He that hates mankind hates a mischievous brute, a company of fools, rogues, flatterers, traitors and ungrateful wretches.

*Alcibiades.* A fine Billingsgate vocabulary! but can you think that 'tis better to be wild, scornful, unfociable, and always satyrical? As for my part, I am diverted in the company of fools, and pleased in that of wise men. In

for my turn I endeavour to please them, and I suit myself to all companies, in order to make myself agreeable to all.

*Timon.* And I suit myself to none, since none are pleasing to me; to me every thing goes awry, and is intolerable, every thing provokes me, and excites my rage. You, like Proteus, can assume all kinds of shapes, but remain long in no one. These easy changes denote a heart without any principles of justice or truth. With you, virtue is nothing but a fine name, nor have you any one inherent in you. What at Athens you approve, at Lacedæmon you condemn; in Greece you are a Grecian, and in Asia a Persian; nor are you constrained by your Gods, your laws, or your country. You are guided but by one rule, which is the passion of pleasing, dazzling, and lording it over mankind; of living in delicacies, and embroiling every state. O heavens! must such a man be suffered to live? and must other men admire him? Alcibiades was beloved by most men whilst he was deluding them, and by his crimes plunging them into so many misfortunes. As for my part, I hate Alcibiades, and all those fools who love him, and it would grieve me to be beloved by such who have no notion of loving any thing but what is evil.

*Alcibiades.* A very obliging declaration truly! however, I am not in the least angry at it. You set me at the head of mankind, and thereby do me a great deal of honour. My  
party

party is stronger than yours, but you are valiant, and do not fear, tho' alone, to encounter the whole race of mankind.

*Timon.* I should be ashamed was not I alone, when I behold the baseness, the cowardice, the lightness, corruption, and heinousness of all men upon the face of the earth.

*Alcibiades.* Do you except no one amongst 'em?

*Timon.* Not one, and you less than any other.

*Alcibiades.* What not yourself? do you hate yourself?

*Timon.* Yes, whenever I surprize myself committing a weak action, I then hate myself.

*Alcibiades.* You do well, but are very much in the wrong for not always hating yourself. What can be more detestable in a man, than his forgetting that he is a man; who loaths his own nature, who looks on every thing with horror, detestation, and such a frightful melancholy, that it converts every thing into poison; who renounces all manner of society, tho' man was born only to be sociable.

*Timon.* Then give me men who are plain and upright, full of justice and goodness; such will I love, always frequent, and even adore like Gods inhabiting the earth. But whilst you only give me men who do not deserve the name, who by their subtlety should be foxes, and by their cruelty tygers; whose face indeed, and shape, and voice are human, but whose hearts are monstrous, and like those of Syrens; such as these, humanity itself will teach me to shun and abhor.

*Alcibiades.* What? you must have a race made on purpose for you. Had not one much better suit one's self to mankind, such as it is, than hate it till it suits us? so critical a melancholy temper makes you spend your life very uneasily, makes you be despis'd, laugh'd at, and forsaken, and you never can relish any pleasure. As for my part, I give myself wholly up to the customs and imaginations of every people: thus I meet with pleasure every where, and influence men just as I please. I cannot relish that philosophy which teaches a man to make an owl of himself. In this world we must make use of a more worldly philosophy. Good men are to be gain'd by virtuous motives, the voluptuous by those of pleasure, and rogues by the motives of interest. This is the true way of living; all other notions of life are visionary, and founded upon black melancholy, for which I can prescribe nothing better than a few grains of hellebore.

*Timon.* By such a speech you annihilate virtue, and ridicule all good morals. In a republic whose polity is good, such a man would not be suffer'd; but alas! where is that republic on earth? O my dear Socrates! when shall we see yours? to morrow? oh I would willingly go thither to-morrow, was there any such one! come, my Socrates, let us go and found this colony of pure philosophers, far from any known part of the world, somewhere in the Atlantic island.

*Alci-*

OF THE DEAD. 71

*Alcibiades.* You forget yourself, when you talk of going there; you must first be reconciled to yourself, with whom you say you so often jar.

*Timon.* You may laugh at it, if you please, but nothing I'll assure you is more certain, than that I often hate myself, and that very justly. As often as I find myself so soften'd by pleasures, as to be able to bear with the vices of men, and see myself inclin'd to be complaisant to 'em; when I find any sparks of interest and voluptuousness kindling in me, or of love for an empty reputation amongst fools and villains; then do I begin to fancy myself almost like 'em; then try, condemn, detest, and am no longer able to bear myself.

*Alcibiades.* And pray now, how is this breach made up? do you chuse any arbitrator?

*Timon.* After having condemn'd, I correct and reform myself.

*Alcibiades.* So! so! what a pretty company there must be within you; first, a man who is corrupted and drawn away by bad examples; then another who snarls at, and falls out with the first; then comes a third, who correcting the first, reconciles him to the second, and——

*Timon.* You may be as merry as you please upon the matter, I own that there is not such a company in you. There is in your heart but one supple deprav'd man, who disguises himself in a hundred different shapes, but always with the same designs to do evil.

*Alcibiades.* Then there is upon the face of the earth no one good but yourself, nor are you so but at certain intervals of time.

*Timon.* I know nothing good upon the earth, or worthy of being loved.

*Alcibiades.* If you know nothing good, nothing in yourself or others, but what is shocking, if life be thus displeasing, you ought to get rid of it, and take your leave of such troublesome company. Is it not madness to live for the sake of being vex'd at every thing, and snarling from morning till night? don't you know that there are running nooses and precipices enow at Athens?

*Timon.* I should certainly do what you now endeavour to persuade me, was I not afraid of pleasing men, who are unworthy of being pleas'd.

*Alcibiades.* And could you leave every body without regret? do you except no man? pray consider of it before you answer me.

*Timon.* I should leave Socrates indeed with some little regret, but——

*Alcibiades.* But what? don't you know that he is a man!

*Timon.* I don't know it, and am often inclin'd to believe that he is not, for he bears but a very little resemblance to other men: he appears to me to be void of interest, ambition, and artifice; and on the other hand, to be just, sincere, and still the same. Were there ten men in the world like him, I really believe they would reconcile me to mankind.

*Alci-*

*Alcibiades.* If that be your opinion of him, you may easily believe what he says; then prithee ask him, whether or no he believes that true reason will allow you to be a man-hater as you are?

*Timon.* To satisfy you, I will; and though he has always been too easy, and too sociable, yet can I safely engage myself to follow his advice. When I behold mankind, my dear Socrates, and then turn my eyes from them, and cast 'em on you, I am inclin'd to believe that you are Minerva, who, having assumed the form of man, is come down to instruct the inhabitants of this city. Answer me, I beseech you, without disguise; would you advise me any more to mix myself in the infected society of blind, wicked and deceitful men?

*Socrates.* No, I would never advise you to engage yourself in the assemblies of the people, in licentious feasts, or in societies of a number of the citizens; for multitudes are always corrupt. An honest and peaceable retreat, where a man is free from his own as well as from the passions of other men is the properest state for a philosopher: but we must love mankind, and, spite of their defects, endeavour to do them good; we must serve 'em without any view of interest, for they will prove ungrateful. But to live in the midst of 'em, only to deceive 'em, to dazzle 'em and to make 'em serviceable to our passions, is the worst of villainy, and he who goes about it,  
draws

draws on himself those misfortunes which he so richly deserves. To live at a distance from, yet near enough to do good to men, is acting like a benign Deity on earth. The ambition of Alcibiades is destructive, your misanthropy a weak virtue, or rather the effect of a fretful temper. That severity, that impatience at other men's vices, proceeds from a self-love, which grows thus impatient, when we cannot mould their minds just as we please. Philanthropy is a virtue void of impatience and interest, and teaches us to bear with evil without approving it. Regardless of its own ease and convenience, it looks upon its own frailties, and by them learns to support those of others. 'Tis never deceiv'd by the most deceitful, or most ingrateful of men; for it never hopes for, or expects any thing from 'em. It never desires any thing of 'em, but what is for their own good; nor is it ever weary of this disinterested goodness, but imitates the Gods, who have given man a life and being, though they do not stand in need of his victims and incense.

*Timon.* But 'tis not through any inhuman temper that I hate mankind; spite of myself, I do it because they are detestable. I hate their depravations, and consequently their persons, because they are deprav'd.

*Socrates.* Well, suppose this to be true; if you hate only what's evil in man, why do you not endeavour to deliver him from this evil, and love him well enough to make him good?

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A physician hates a fever, and all other distempers incident to man; but he does not hate the patient. Man's vices are the distempers of his soul; then be a wise and charitable physician, who far from hating a sick man, endeavours to cure him. The world is a large hospital, in which every object ought to move your compassion. Wrath, avarice, envy and ambition, are sores more dangerous to the soul, than any biles, wounds, or ulcers, can be to the body. Cure all the sick whom you can cure, and pity those who shall prove incurable.

*Timon.* 'Tis an easy matter, my dear Socrates, to discover the sophistry of this argument. There is a vast deal of difference between the vices of the soul, and the distempers of the body; these last we suffer without being able to prevent 'em; they are not of our own seeking, and therefore we deserve to be pitied. As for our vices, we may prevent them, and they are of our own seeking. Such evils should be chastised, and are fitter to move our anger than our pity.

*Socrates.* I confess that distempers incident to man are twofold; one kind is involuntary, and therefore innocent; the other voluntary, and which of consequence makes the patient guilty, seeing that an evil disposition is the worst of evils, and vice the most deplorable of distempers. The wicked man, by making others suffer, suffers himself, through his malice, and is drawing on his head the most cruel

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tortures which the just Gods can inflict on him ; such a one ought therefore to be pitied more than an innocent sick man : innocence is the health of the soul, or will heal, or at least comfort you in the most sensible pains. Would you not pity a man, because he labours under the most grievous distemper ? If his pain lay in his hand, or foot, you would compassionate him : but have no pity left for him, when the gangrene has reached his heart.

*Timon.* Well ; I acknowledge that we must pity the wicked, but not love them.

*Socrates.* We must not love their wickedness, but we should their persons, in order to cure them. By what you say yourself, you love mankind without knowing it ; for pity proceeds from our seeing a beloved person in affliction. Do you know what it is that hinders you from loving wicked men ? 'tis not your virtue, but the imperfection of your virtue : an imperfect virtue sinks under the weight of other men's imperfections. Our self-love hinders us from always bearing with what is so contrary to our own taste and manners. We are angry with the ungrateful, because through a principle of self-love we want our favours to be acknowledged. Virtue in perfection, takes a man off from himself, and makes him capable of always bearing with the weakness of others. The farther we are removed from vice, the more patient we become, and willing to remove it from others. Virtue when imperfect is mistrustful,

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'criticising, severe and implacable ; but when its chief aim is another man's good, then 'tis kind, affable, compassionate, and always the same ; nothing surprizes, nothing shocks it.

*Timon.* 'Tis an easy matter to talk, but very difficult to act thus.

*Socrates.* O my dear Timon ! blind and foolish men thought you were a man-hater, thro' a too great excess of virtue ; but I maintain that had you been more virtuous, you would have done what I tell you. You would not have been thus led away by a wild and melancholy humour, nor by your dislike of, or impatience for the faults of men. You love yourself too well, and therefore you cannot love other men who are imperfect, and whom you might very well forgive, as the Gods do, were you perfect yourself. Why do you not patiently bear with what the Gods, far better than you, bear ? This nicety is a real imperfection. That reason which can bear with nothing but what is reasonable, and can't suffer the unreasonableness of other men, scarce deserves the name of reason.

*Alcibiades.* Faith, Timon, you and your austere virtue are both confounded. Living to one's self, and not being able to bear with any thing, but to be shocked at every thing, proceeds from self-love. When we are not so fond of ourselves, we give ourselves freely up to others.

*Socrates.* Hold, if you please, Alcibiades, you are misconstruing what I said. There

are two ways of giving ourselves up to other men. The first is, when we make ourselves beloved, and gain the confidence of men only in order to make them good. This way is entirely divine. The other is, when we endeavour to please men, to dazzle them, and flatter them, in order to usurp an authority over them. We no longer can be said to love them, but ourselves. We act by a principle of vanity and interest, and we only apparently give ourselves up to others, that we may wholly possess them. Like a fisherman we throw a baited hook into the river, and whilst we pretend to feed the fish, we are catching them. All your ambitious tyrants, magistrates, and politicians appear benign, and generous; and whilst they pretend that they are giving themselves up to, they are catching the people. They lay their hooks in feasts, in companies and public assemblies. They are not sociable for the interest of mankind, but in order to abuse all men. Like courtezans, they make use of flattering and crafty insinuations, to corrupt mankind, and to enslave all those whom they stand in need of; and the best things when corrupted become the worst. Such men are the bane of society. The self-love of a man-hater is only wild and unprofitable to mankind, but that of this man-lover is traiterous and tyrannical. You promise yourself to meet in him all the virtues necessary to the support of society, whilst they propose no other end but that of making their fellow-citizens subservient

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vient to them. The man-hater may affright, but will never hurt you: as a serpent, who hides himself under the flowers of the field, is more dangerous than a wild beast, which as soon it sees you, flies towards his den.

*Alcibiades.* Prithee, Timon, let us make off, we have each one of us had a good sermon; let those that can profit by it, I am afraid we shall be but little the better for it. You will still be enraged against mankind, and for my part, I'll go, and betwixt the Grecians, and the king of Persia, put on as many different forms as ever Proteus did.



## D I A L O G U E X V I I I.

A L C I B I A D E S, P E R I C L E S.

*The greatest endowments of nature, without virtue,  
are esteemed as naught after death.*

*Pericles.* **D**E A R nephew, I am heartily glad to see you again; I ever had a great deal of friendship for you.

*Alcibiades.* That you have given me demonstration of, from my very first infancy; but I never stood so much in need of your assistance as I now do. Socrates, whom I just now left, gives me reason to apprehend something from the three judges, before whom I am going to appear.

*Pericles.* Alas! my dear nephew, we are  
no

no longer now at Athens; those three inexorable old men despise eloquence. I myself have felt the effects of their rigour, and I foresee that you cannot escape it.

*Alcibiades.* Are there no ways of winning upon these three men? Are they insensible of flattery, of pity, of all the graces of oratory, poetry, and musick; not moved by subtle arguments, or the rehearsal of great actions?

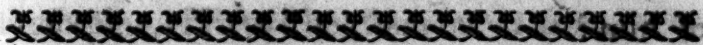
*Pericles.* You know very well, that could eloquence prevail (and this I may say without vanity) I should come off as well as any other: but talking to them is in vain. Those flatteries by which the Athenians were won, those subtle turns in discourse, those insinuating ways by which men are taken, by falling in with their humours and passions, are of no service here. Their ears are stopped, and their hearts of brass cannot be mov'd. Though I dy'd in the unhappy Peloponnesian war, yet am I punished for it here below. They ought to have forgiven me such a fault, in the commission of which I lost my life; and which I was led into by your persuasions.

*Alcibiades.* True, I advis'd you to undertake this war, rather than be obliged to make up your accounts. When you govern a state, your own ease, reputation and interest, are to be the first things consulted, let the publick shift as it can; otherwise, who would be fool enough to undergo the toils of government? who would watch night and day, that others might sleep in peace? Can your judges here below be angry at such maxims?

*Pericles.* Yes, so very angry, that though in that cursed war I lost the confidence of the people, and died of the plague, yet have I suffered terrible punishments here, for having unseasonably disturbed the public quiet. By this you may judge, cousin, how well you are like to come off.

*Alcibiades.* This is sad news indeed. When those upon earth are vexed at any thing, they wish themselves dead; but now I am dead, I could heartily wish myself alive again.

*Pericles.* And well you may; you are no longer arrayed in that loose trailing purple robe, which the ladies of Sparta and Athens so much admired; you will not be punished for your evil actions only, but also for the evil counsels you have given me.



## DIALOGUE XIX.

ALCIBIADES, MERCURY, and CHARON.

*The character of a young prince, corrupted by voluptuousness and ambition.*

*Charon.* PRIThee, what man have you got there? how high he carries it? Pray now, what has he done to make him take so much state upon himself?

*Mercury.* He was beautiful, well-made, learned, valiant, eloquent, and fit to please the taste of every man. Never was man so supple;

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he

he could shift his form as easily as Proteus. Amongst the Athenians he was nice, learned, and polite; at Sparta he was rough, severe, and laborious; in Asia as soft, effeminate, and magnificent as a Persian; in Thrace he was always on horseback, and drank as hard as Silenus: and by these means, whatever country he was in, he has embroiled and overturned every thing.

*Charon.* But won't he overturn my boat too, 'tis very old and very leaky? why did you bring such an one with you? 'twas far better to have him left amongst the living, he would have been the occasion of war, slaughter, and desolation, and would have sent many a shade here; but as for his own, I am really afraid of it. What's his name?

*Mercury.* Alcibiades. Did you never hear of him?

*Charon.* Alcibiades! most of the shades that come down here can talk of nothing else, and make sad complaints of him. Is he not the same man, who flying to Sparta, after having been guilty of so many impious actions at Athens, corrupted the wife of king Agis?

*Mercury.* The very same.

*Charon.* I wish he does not do the like with Proserpine, for he is handsomer, and has a better tongue than our infernal king; but, faith, Pluto is not to be jested with in such a case.

*Mercury.* Such as he is, I deliver him to you. If he does but make as great an uproar in hell, as he has all his life-time upon earth,  
this

this will no longer be the kingdom of silence. But ask himself, what 'tis he intends to do here. Prithce, Alcibiades, tell Charon how 'tis you intend to behave yourself here below.

*Alcibiades.* Who, I? I intend to govern every body here: I would advise Charon to insist upon a double fare, and counsel Pluto to wage war with Jupiter, and make himself the master of the Gods, seeing that Jupiter does not govern mankind as he ought to do, and that the empire of the dead is greater than that of the living. What does he do yonder in Olympus, whilst he neglects the things on earth, and lets every thing go awry? We had better acknowledge him for the supreme Deity, who punishes the vices of men here below, and redresses every thing which his indolent brother had neglected. As for Proserpine, I'll tell her some news from Sicily, which was once so beloved by her, and on my lyre I will sing those songs which are there composed in honour of her; I will talk to her of the nymphs who were gathering flowers with her, when Pluto forced her away; I will relate all my own adventures to her, and 'twill be hard if I don't please her one way or other.

*Mercury.* I would venture to lay a good wager upon your head, that you soon govern all hell. Pluto will make you a member of his privy-council, and will soon repent it; which will be some satisfaction for the injury you wou'd do me in dethroning my father Jove.

*Alcibiades.* You'll find that Pluto will be far from repenting it.

*Mercury.* Why you have given very fatal counsels in your life-time.

*Alcibiades.* And very good ones too.

*Mercury.* Meaning the Sicily expedition? How well the Athenians came off in following your advice there!

*Alcibiades.* True; I advised the Athenians to attack the Syracusæ, not only that they might conquer Sicily, and afterwards Africa; but also that I might keep the Athenians in subjection under me. When we have to do with a light and inconstant people, we must never give them time to be idle; you must always keep them engaged in some intricate business, that they may perpetually stand in need of you, and never have time to reflect upon, or censure your conduct. But this enterprize, tho' a very difficult one, would have succeeded, had I had the management of it; but I was recalled to Athens, upon a very foolish business, to quell the revolting Thera. After my departure, Lamachus perished like a giddy-brain'd fool; Nicias was a great, indolent, cowardly, irresolute fellow. Those who are so very fearful, have more reason to apprehend than any body else: they neglect all the advantages which fortune offers them, and fall into all the inconveniencies which they foresee. I was accused too of having, in a debauch with some dissolute fellows, represented the mysteries of Ceres. To this they added,

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added, that I had acted the chief part, and represented the priest; but this was a mere tale of a tub, they never could convict me of it.

*Mercury.* A tale of a tub! if so, why did you not appear, and answer these accusations?

*Alcibiades.* I would have done it, had the accusation been of less moment; but my life was concerned here, and that I would not have trusted in my own mother's hands.

*Mercury.* A cowardly answer! are you not ashamed of returning such a one? you who were not afraid of trusting your life, whilst very young, to the mercy of a brutish carman, yet durst not, when you grew up, trust it to the judges, tho' it was to clear your honour: upon my word, friend, your conscience must tell you that you were guilty.

*Alcibiades.* The reason of that is, a child, playing in the highway, won't give over his play to let a cart pass along, because his temper is childish and stubborn, but he'll no longer be guilty of such things when he comes to the use of reason. In short, I had cause to apprehend the spite of those who envied me, as well as the folly of the people, who are in a passion as soon as they hear of any of you deities being affronted.

*Mercury.* The true language of a libertine! and I question not but you derided the mysteries of Eleusinian Ceres: as for my statues, I need not question any thing about them, I am sure you dashed them to pieces.

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*Charon.* I'll not receive such an impious enemy of the Gods into my boat, this bane of human society.

*Alcibiades.* But you must receive me, or where would you have me go?

*Charon.* Return upon earth again, torment the living, and make a noise there; this is the abode of silence and repose.

*Alcibiades.* For heaven's sake let me not wander on the Stygian banks like those who are deprived of burial: my soul has always been too haughty to bear such an injury: but after all, having received the funeral honours, I can force Charon to take me into his boat. If I have done amiss, let the infernal judges punish me; but for that old fool, I'll oblige him —

*Charon.* Since you come to that, sir, I'll know in what manner you was buried, for your death is variously reported: some say that you were stabbed whilst in the arms of a courtesan; a fine close of life to be proud of! others say you were burnt, and till you have cleared up this matter, I'll laugh at your pride, and you shall not come into my boat.

*Alcibiades.* I can with pleasure relate the manner of my death, by which I reap so great an honour, and which crowns a glorious life. Lyfander, knowing how much mischief I had done the Lacedæmonians by serving my country in battle, and negotiating their affairs for them amongst the Persians, determined to desire Pharnabaces, who then commanded the  
great

great king's army upon the confines of Asia, to put me to death. For my part, seeing that the conduct of the chief Athenians was very rash, and they refusing to follow my advice when their fleet was in the river, near the Hellespont, I foretold their ruin; which soon after followed, and then retired to a place of Phrygia, which the Persians had given me to live in; there I spent my time contentedly, out of conceit with fortune, which had so often deceived me, and thought of nothing now but diverting myself. Timandra the courtesan was with me: but Pharnabaces, not daring to refuse me for a sacrifice to the Lacedæmonians, sent his brother Magnaus to cut my head off, and burn my body; but he, and all the Persians with him, durst not enter the house where I was, and therefore they set it on fire about me, not daring to attack me. As soon as I saw what their design was, I threw my clothes, and even all the furniture of the house, upon the fire; then wrapping my cloak round my left hand, and in my right hand holding my drawn sword, I threw myself thro' the flames without being hurt, my cloak only a little singed, and came into the midst of my enemies, who immediately flew from me; but flying, shot so many times at me, that they pierced me thro' and thro' with their arrows, and I fell down dead: but no sooner were these barbarians gone, than Timandra, taking my body, and wrapping it up, gave it the most honourable burial she could.

*Mer-*

*Mercury.* Is not this Timandra mother to Lais the famous Corinthian courtezan?

*Alcibiades.* The same. This, Charon, is the history of my death and burial; is there any difficulty concerning either of them yet remaining?

*Charon.* A very great one, which I am afraid you won't be able to clear up. It seems there was no other way of your escaping from the midst of the flames, but by throwing yourself like a desperate wretch, headlong amongst your enemies; and yet Timandra, who staid in this burning house, was well enough to bury you. Besides this, I have heard several shades say, that neither the Persians nor the Lacedæmonians put you to death; but that, according to your old custom, having debauched a young woman of a noble family, the lady's brother, to revenge this dishonour done their house, had you burnt.

*Alcibiades.* Be that as it will, you can't deny but that I have been burnt as well as the other dead.

*Charon.* But you have not been buried, good sir: I find you are evading and quibbling, you have certainly been a very shuffling fellow.

*Alcibiades.* I have been burnt as the other dead are, and that's sufficient. S'death, would you have had Timandra brought my ashes, or sent you an affidavit of my burial? but to end this dispute, I appeal to the three judges, let them decide it: come let us go and plead our cause before them.

*Charon.*

*Charon.* A very cunning fellow, indeed! I must carry you over to them that you may plead your cause, which by these means you would have gained.

*Mercury.* To tell you the truth of the matter, as I came along, I saw the urn wherein 'twas said this courtezan had enclosed her lover's ashes; a man who knew so very well how to charm the ladies, could never be without a burial: he has had all the honours of it paid him too, has been wept over and regretted much more than he deserved.

*Alcibiades.* So, here's positive evidence now; Mercury has seen my ashes in their urn: now, Charon, I command you to take me into the boat; refuse me any longer at your peril.

*Mercury.* I pity him for having any thing to do with so wicked an incendiary; 'twas you who kindled this great and horrid war in Greece; you are the cause that the Athenians and Lacedæmonians have been under arms to injure each other, by land and sea, for the space of twenty-eight years.

*Alcibiades.* Now you accuse me wrongfully, this was my uncle Pericles's doing.

*Mercury.* Pericles indeed undertook this fatal war, but he did it by your advice.

Don't you remember your going one day to his house, and the servants telling you that you could not see Pericles, he was very busy in making up his accounts with the Athenians, and shewing how in his administration he had disposed of the public revenues: to this

you answered, that, instead of giving an account, he ought to be thinking of the means of avoiding one. The means you found out for him, was to put every thing into confusion, and to wage a war. Pericles was foolish enough to follow this advice; he waged a war, and perished in it, as did the greatest part of your country, which thereby lost its liberty. After this, 'twas no wonder if Arcestratus said, that all Greece put together, was not able to contain two Alcibiades's: nor was Timon, the man-hater, less pleasant on this occasion, when, enraged against the Athenians, in whom he could perceive no remains of virtue; and meeting thee one day in the street, he saluted thee, and taking thee by the hand, said, "Courage, my lad; let but your authority increase, and you will make all the misfortunes which this people deserve, fall heavy on them."

*Alcibiades.* Must you mind all that's said by a surly melancholy fellow, who hates mankind?

*Mercury.* Well, we'll let this surly fellow alone: could any one but a rogue give the advice we were talking of?

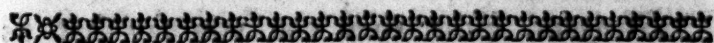
*Alcibiades.* Prithee, Mercury, don't you talk of rogues, we know you are a profess'd one, and let me tell you, it ill becomes a sharpening God to reprove men for a little dishonesty or pilfery.

*Mercury.* For heaven's sake, Charon, carry him over as quick as you can, we shall get nothing by talking to him; however, take care he does not surprize the three judges, and even

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Pluto himself. Tell them, from me, that he is a villain capable of making the dead revolt, and of overturning any the most peaceable empire. The punishment he deserves, is to be debarred the sight of women, and condemned to everlasting silence, for he has made a vile use both of his beauty and of his eloquence.

*Charon.* Never fear, I'll do his business for him, and I am afraid he will spend his time but poorly amongst the dead, when no longer able to carry on any subtle or villainous intrigue.



DIALOGUE XX.

DIONYSIUS, PYTHIAS and DAMON.

*True virtue can love nothing but what is virtuous.*

*Dionysius.* YE Gods! what do I see; can that be Pythias arriving here? 'Tis he himself; he's coming here to die, and to deliver his friend from death.

*Pythias.* Yes, 'tis Pythias himself; I went only to pay the Gods what I had vow'd, to regulate my own domestic affairs according to justice, and to bid my children a long farewell, that I might die in peace.

*Dionysius.* But why do you return? are you not afraid of death? or do you, like a desperate wretch, come to throw yourself headlong upon it?

*Pythias.* I come to suffer death, and tho' I do not deserve it, yet was this no reason why I shou'd let my friend die for me.

*Dionysius.* You love your friend then better than yourself.

*Pythias.* No, but I love him as well as myself; and 'tis not just that he should die to deliver me from death, since I, not he, was condemn'd by you.

*Dionysius.* But you pretend that death is no more your desert than his.

*Pythias.* True; we are both equally innocent, and 'tis as just a thing to kill me as 'twould be to kill him.

*Dionysius.* How then can you say that 'tis not just he shou'd die in your stead?

*Pythias.* In you, I say, 'tis equally unjust to put either Damon or me to death; but it would be unjust in Pythias to let Damon suffer that death, which by the tyrant was prepar'd for Pythias only.

*Dionysius.* And so you come upon the appointed day to save the life of your friend by losing your own.

*Pythias.* I come on your account, to be unjustly dealt with, as is usual from tyrants; and on Damon's account, to deal justly by him, and deliver him from a danger to which he had expos'd himself thro' his friendship to me.

*Dionysius.* Well, Damon, confess the truth now: was not you afraid that Pythias wou'd not return, and that you must suffer for him?

*Damon.* I was but too certain that he wou'd return

return punctually to the time, and rather chuse to lose his life, than break his word. Wou'd to God his friends and relations, spite of himself, had kept him at home, he now would live to be their comfort, and I should have that of dying for him.

*Dionysius.* Are you weary of life then?

*Damon.* I am whenever I see a tyrant.

*Dionysius.* You shall not long be troubled with the sight of one, I'll send you to instant death.

*Pythias.* Alas! excuse the transport of a man afflicted with the thoughts of losing his friend: remember that I only am condemn'd to death, which to deliver my friend from, I come prepared to suffer.

*Dionysius.* I cannot bear with two men who thus despise their lives and my power.

*Damon.* Can you not bear with virtue?

*Dionysius.* Not with such a haughty and scornful virtue, which despises life, is fearless of danger, and unmoved at riches and pleasures.

*Damon.* At least you see 'tis not unmov'd with honour, justice, or friendship.

*Dionysius.* Well, let Pythias be conducted to death, we shall see if Damon will any longer despise my power.

*Damon.* Pythias, by coming back, and submitting himself to your sentence, has deserved his life from you, and I, by delivering myself up instead of him, have rais'd your anger; be satisfied with the death of one of us, and let me be the person.

*Pythias.*

*Pythias.* By no means, Dionysius, no body but myself has offended you, Damon never could—

*Dionysius.* Alas! what do I see; where am I? how great is my unhappiness, and how much do I deserve it? hitherto I have lived in ignorance, my days have been spent in darkness and in error; all my power is not sufficient to force any one to love me; in a thirty years tyrannical reign, I can't boast of having acquired one friend. These two men whom fortune has placed in a private station, love and confide in one another, are happy in each others friendship, and either would willingly lay down his life to save that of his friend.

*Damon.* How could you have acquired a friend, and never loved any body? you feared and tyrannized over men, they in return fear and hate you: had you loved them, they would now love you.

*Dionysius.* Damon, Pythias, receive me amongst you, let me be the third member of so perfect a friendly society: I will not only give you your lives, but load you with riches.

*Damon.* Your riches we value not, and as for your friendship we cannot accept of it, till you become just and good; whilst you are otherwise, you may have trembling slaves, and fawning flatterers about you, but to be beloved by free-born souls, you must be virtuous, benign, sociable, sensible of friendship, and capable of always living in the same equal temper with your friends.

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DIALOGUE XXI.

PLATO, and DIONYSIUS the Tyrant.

*The solid happiness and safety of a prince, is placed in the love of his subjects.*

*Dionysius.* **A** Good morning to you, Plato, you are still the same man as when I saw you in Sicily.

*Plato.* For your part, you are far from being the same; you don't shine here as you did upon the throne there.

*Dionysius.* You were a chimerical philosopher, your republic was nothing but a mere dream.

*Plato.* Nor has your tyrannical government prov'd more solid: that's fallen too, you see.

*Dionysius.* 'Twas your friend Dion that betray'd me.

*Plato.* You betray'd yourself: when we make ourselves hateful, we have reason to apprehend every thing.

*Dionysius.* 'Tis too toilsome to make one's self belov'd; we must take care to please other men. Had not one better please one's self, and run the risk of being hated?

*Plato.* When a man, to gratify his passions, makes himself hateful, he has as many enemies as he has subjects, and consequently can never be in safety. Confess the truth, did you sleep in peace?

*Dionysius.* I own I did not, but the reason  
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of that was, I had not put people enough to to death.

*Plato.* And don't you see that the death of one drew the hatred of others upon you? those who saw their neighbours fall a sacrifice, expected every day to meet their fate; nor was there any means of saving themselves left, but putting you to death by way of prevention. You must either kill every one of your subjects, or else be merciful, and endeavour to be belov'd. When your people love you, you no longer stand in need of guards, but in the midst of them, are like a father in the midst of his children.

*Dionysius.* I remember that you urg'd all these reasons to me, when I was about to lay down my tyranny, and become a disciple of thine, but a flatterer hinder'd me: and indeed 'tis a hard task to renounce all sovereign power.

*Plato.* Had it not been much better to have renounc'd it of your own accord, and have become a philosopher, than to have shamefully been driven from the throne, and obliged to get a living at Corinth, by keeping a school?

*Dionysius.* But I never thought that I should have been driven from it.

*Plato.* How could you presume that the power would be long left in your hands, at a place, where, for their own safety, they were obliged to work your destruction?

*Dionysius.* I was in hopes that they would not dare attack me.

*Plato.* When men hazard less by attacking you,

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you, than by letting you live, there are enow who dare do it. Your own guards in such a case have no other way of saving their lives, but by sacrificing yours: but confess the truth now, did not you live more happily whilst poor and at Corinth, than you did in all your splendor at Syracuse?

*Dionysius.* You are in the right on't; the school-master at Corinth could eat and drink pretty well, but the tyrant of Syracuse was always fearful and jealous, perpetually desirous of cutting somebody's throat, extorting money, or making new conquests! pleasures were no longer such to me, I had lost the relish of them; and yet greedily coveted them. But you, who are a philosopher, tell me, was your condition unhappy when I sold you into bondage?

*Plato.* In my bondage I enjoy'd the same repose which you did at Corinth, with this difference however, that I had the satisfaction of suffering for the sake of virtue, thro' the injustice of a tyrant; and you were a tyrant shamefully dispossest'd of your power.

*Dionysius.* Well I see that I get nothing by talking to you; if ever I return again upon earth, I'll either chuse a private station, or I'll make myself be beloved by the people who are in subjection under me.

DIALOGUE XXII.

PLATO, ARISTOTLE.

*A critical dissertation upon the philosophy of Aristotle, and the solidity of Plato's eternal ideas.*

*Aristotle.* **H**A V E you forgotten your quondam disciple? do you not know me now?

*Plato.* How should I see any thing of a disciple of mine in you? you made it your whole business to seem the master of the whole school of philosophers, and endeavoured to deface the memory of all those who preceded you.

*Aristotle.* That's because I started some new notions, and explained them very distinctly; I never entered into a poetical style in searching for the sublime, nor ran into fustian: I never talked of your eternal ideas.

*Plato.* All that you advanced was taken out of other books, which you endeavoured to suppress. I must confess that you writ in a neat, close, and pure style, but at the same time dry, and incapable of making any one sensible of divine truths. As for my eternal ideas, you may laugh at them as much as you please, but you can't do without them, if you wou'd draw any certain conclusions. How can you affirm or deny any one thing of another, unless you have fixed unchangeable ideas of both these things? What is our reason but our ideas? if our reason may be altered, so may our ideas too: to-day the whole would be bigger than a part, to-morrow the fashion  
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of that notion would be changed, and then a part would be bigger than the whole. These eternal ideas, which you now would ridicule, are the first principles of reason; which are still the same. Far from being able to form any judgment of these first truths, we are judged by them, and they set us to rights whenever we err. If I say any thing that is extravagant, other men immediately laugh at it, and I am ashamed. The cause of this is, that my reason, and that of my neighbours; in spite of me, sets me to rights, and which, like a straight rule, amends a crooked line which might have been drawn thus for want of tracing things back to their ideas, which are the first and plain notions of every thing. You never had any principles solid enough, and therefore always walked in the dark.

*Aristotle.* Is there any thing more plain than my morals?

*Plato.* I own that they are plain and fine; your logick is subtle, methodical, exact, and ingenious, but your physicks are nothing but a heap of abstruse terms of art, and empty names, fit to satisfy those minds which can be satisfied with bare words, and will fancy that they understand that which they know nothing of. On this occasion you would stand in need of clear ideas, to avoid that fustian which you upbraid others with: an ignorant man of sense will acknowledge that he does not know what your *first matter* is; but one of your disciples thinks that he has

told us wonders, and certainly satisfied us, when he tells us 'tis *neque quid, neque quale, neque quantum*, &c. With such a jargon a man fancies himself a great philosopher, and despises the vulgar. The Epicureans, who came after you, have argued with more reason than you, upon the motion and form of those little bodies, which by their uniting, frame the composed bodies. In their natural philosophy you find several probable hypotheses: true, they never traced things back to the idea and nature of these particles, or little bodies; they never prove any thing, but draw all their conclusions from hypothetical positions. This philosophy, in its principles, is indeed a mere fiction, yet does it explain the nature of many things; your physics do not deserve the name of philosophy, they are only an out of the way jargon. Tiresias threatens you, that the day shall come when other philosophers shall turn you out of the schools in which you shall have reigned for many ages, and your reputation at once will fall from its towering height.

*Aristotle.* I was willing to conceal the elements of my natural philosophy, that made me wrap it up thus.

*Plato.* And you have succeeded so very well, that few understand you; and those few that do, say you have no meaning.

*Aristotle.* I had not time to search into the truth of every thing, and to make all the experiments myself.

*Plato.* No soul ever had so fair an opportunity

tunity as yourself; you could make use of Alexander's money and authority: had I had the same advantage, I should have made some curious discoveries.

*Aristotle.* You should have been complaisant to Dionysius the tyrant, and then you might have had the same advantages.

*Plato.* But I was neither a courtier nor a flatterer; but did not you, who think that princes ought to be managed by complaisance, lose the favour of your disciples by your ambitious enterprizes?

*Aristotle.* Alas, I did! and even here below, though sometimes he uses me with the same confidence as he did one while on earth, yet at other times he does not know me, and will scarce condescend to look upon me.

*Plato.* That is because he did not meet with the same morality in your conduct, which he did in your writings. Confess the truth, you did not bear the least resemblance to the magnanimous hero which you describe.

*Aristotle.* And did not you treat of the contempt we ought to have for all earthly fleeting things, when at the same time you lived splendidly.

*Plato.* I confess it; but then I was a man of note, yet I lived with moderation and honour, and though destitute of authority, and free from ambition, yet revered by the Grecians: but the Stagyrice philosopher, who came to confound and turn every thing topsy turvy in his disciples kingdom, is, considered in a philosophical light, a very odious fellow.

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## DIALOGUE XXIII.

ALEXANDER, ARISTOTLE.

*Let the natural endowments of a young prince be never so great, he is always in danger, unless he drives all flatterers far from him, and accustoms himself betimes to govern his own passions, and to love those who have courage enough to tell him the truth.*

*Aristotle.* **I** AM heartily glad to meet with my disciple ; how glorious a thing it is for me to have instructed the conqueror of the whole world ?

*Alexander.* Dear Aristotle, I am heartily glad to see you again ; I had not set eyes upon you since I left Macedon : but you know very well that I never forgot you even in the midst of my conquests ?

*Aristotle.* Do you remember the time when you was so lovely a youth ?

*Alexander.* Yes ; methinks I am still at Pella, or at Pydne, and your coming from Stagyra to instruct me in philosophy.

*Aristotle.* But you forgot my precepts, when your heart was swelled with your too great prosperity.

*Alexander.* I confess it, and you are not unacquainted with my sincerity ; now that I am only the shade of Alexander, I can plainly see that Alexander was too proud and too haughty for a mortal.

*Aristotle.* You did not take my hero for a pattern.

*Alexander.* No, indeed, your hero was a mere pedant; nothing true or natural in his character, but in every thing affected and overstrained.

*Aristotle.* And was not you overstrained in your heroism? when you were told that there was a plurality of worlds, you wept because you had not as yet conquered one of them; you subdued large kingdoms, only to restore them to their own monarchs, and ravaged the whole earth that you might be talked of; alone you scaled the walls of an hostile town, and wou'd fain have passed for a deity: was not this being overstrained?

*Alexander.* So, I am come to school again, and you set every truth before me, as you were wont to do at Pella; it had not been safe to have talked thus to me on the banks of Euphrates, but on the Stygian shore, we can with patience hear a censor speak. But tell me, Aristotle, for I think you know every thing, how comes it about that several princes should have something so wonderful in them during their infancy, yet when the time comes that they should make use of all those good maxims which they have learnt, they then forget them? Of what profit is it that in their youth they should talk like parrots, to approve of every thing that in itself is good: but as they grow up, and come into the world, reason, which ought to grow up with them, seems to fly far from them!

*Aristotle.* Such a wondrous youth was you; with how much politeness did you converse with the ambassadors in your father Philip's court! you were then a lover of learning, you took delight in poetry. Homer charmed you, and your heart was inflamed when you met with the virtuous and glorious actions of heroes. When you made yourself master of Thebes, you respected the house of Pindarus, and when you entered Asia, you went to visit the tomb of Achilles, and the ruins of Troy. All these are demonstrations of a humane and laudable inclination, which again you shew'd, when you trusted your life in the hands of Philip the physician; but especially when you used the family of Darius with such tenderness, the dying king comforted himself with the hopes of your being a father to his family. This is, what a good natural disposition, improved by philosophy, made you do; the rest of your actions I'll pass over.

*Alexander.* No, no, speak them, speak them boldly, Aristotle; complaisance would now be ridiculous.

*Aristotle.* Your luxury and softness, your suspicion and cruelty, your rage, and the violent passion you flew into against your friends, your listening so credulously to flatterers who would persuade you that you was a God—

*Alexander.* Oh! forbear. Wou'd to heaven I had died after having conquer'd Darius.

*Aristotle.* What before you had overcome the rest of the East?

*Alex-*

*Alexander.* I acquired less honour by the victory, than I did shame in sinking beneath the weight of prosperity, and forgetting that I was a man. But tell me, why are we so wise during our infancy, and so unreasonable when we ought to be wise?

*Aristotle.* Because that whilst young, you are instructed, encouraged, and corrected by just and honest men; but when you grow up, you abandon yourselves to the mercy of the three worst enemies, presumption, passion, and flatterers.



## DIALOGUE XXIV.

ALEXANDER and CLITUS.

*The fatal weakness of princes will not suffer their loyal servants to speak sincerely to them, when they would admonish them of their faults.*

*Clitus.* **S**AVE you, great king, how long have you been come down to these dark abodes?

*Alexander.* For heaven's sake, Clitus, retire; I cannot bear thy sight which thus upbraids me with my fault.

*Clitus.* Pluto has ordered that I should still remain before thy eyes as a punishment for your having unjustly slain me: I am sorry for't; for spite of what you have done, I still love you, but I never more must leave you.

*Alex-*

*Alexander.* O cruel company! must I always behold a man who upbraids me with a fault, the remembrance of which fills me with confusion?

*Clitus.* I can look on my murderer, and cannot you look upon the man whom you have slain? I find that great men are nicer than others, they would see no one but such as look pleased, can flatter, and pretend to admire them; 'tis in vain to be nice upon the Stygian shore: you ought to have forgot this quality, when you were deprived of royalty; you have nothing left to bestow here, and consequently you'll meet with no flatterers.

*Alexander.* Cursed misfortune! on earth I was a God; here, nothing but an empty shadow, and merciless ghosts upbraid me with my crimes.

*Clitus.* Why did you commit them then?

*Alexander.* When I slew you, I was overcome with wine.

*Clitus.* A fine excuse for a hero and a God! that he who ought to have sense and reason enough to govern the whole world, should by drunkenness lose his reason, and make himself like a savage brute! But confess the truth, you were more intoxicated by passion and vain-glory, than you were by wine; you could not bear me, because I condemned your vanity, for suffering divine honours to be paid you, and for forgetting the service that had been done you? Answer me, I am not afraid of being murdered by you now.

*Alex-*

*Alexander.* Ye cruel Gods! why cannot I be revenged of you? but alas! I cannot even be revenged of the shadow of Clitus, which brutally insults me.

*Clitus.* You are as passionate, and as fiery, as when upon earth; but nobody fears you here below; I can only pity you.

*Alexander.* Gods! and is the great Alexander fallen so low, as to be pitied by that slave Clitus? why is it not in my power to kill either him or myself?

*Clitus.* They are both out of your power; shades never die: you are now immortal, but not in the same manner as you pretended to be; you are now a shadow like myself, and like the poorest of mankind: here are no provinces to ravage, no kings to trample under foot, no palaces to burn in your drunken fits, and no credulous fools to believe the ridiculous fables you might tell them, when you boast of being the son of Jupiter.

*Alexander.* You use me as you would the worst of wretches!

*Clitus.* Far from it; I look on you as a noble conqueror, whose natural disposition was excellent in itself, but corrupted by the greatness of your success. Are you offended, because I tell you the truth? if truth be so offensive, return on earth, and seek your flatterers.

*Alexander.* Of what service is all my glory, if Clitus himself can rail at me?

*Clitus.* 'Twas your passions that cast a blemish on your glory, whilst you were alive; would

would you recover it here, be modest amongst the shades, who can be neither gainers nor losers by you.

*Alexander.* But you told me that you loved me.

*Clitus.* I did your person, but not your faults.

*Alexander.* If you love me, spare me!

*Clitus.* 'Tis because I love you that I do not spare you. When you appeared so chaste before the wife and daughter of Darius, when you shew'd so much generous compassion for that conquer'd prince, you were praise-worthy, and then I praised you: but your prosperity has made you unmindful of your true glory.



## DIALOGUE XXV.

ALEXANDER and DIOGENES.

*Flattery is destructive to princes.*

*Diogenes.* **I**S that Alexander, whom I see amongst the dead?

*Alexander.* The same indeed, Diogenes.

*Diogenes.* How! and do Gods then die?

*Alexander.* Not Gods, Diogenes, but men do who are by nature mortal.

*Diogenes.* And do you then believe yourself a mere man?

*Alexander.* And do you think it possible that

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that I could entertain any other thought of myself now?

*Diogenes.* You are very modest after death; had you been so in your life-time, your glory would have been unsully'd.

*Alexander.* Wherein did I ever so far forget myself?

*Diogenes.* Can you ask the question, who when sprung from a glorious king, who conquered all Greece, you pretended that you were the son of Jupiter; those only were welcome, who told you that Olympias had embraced a serpent, and you rather chose to have that monster for your father, than to be descended from a long race of Macedonian kings, because in such a race there was nothing but what was human. Did not you suffer the gross and infamous flattery of the priestess of Jupiter Ammon, when she answered, that you blasphemed in supposing that your father could be murder'd? you made use of the wholesome advice, and took great care never more to be guilty of the like impiety. You had not strength enough to bear the weight of all those blessings, which heaven had bestowed upon you.

*Alexander.* And can you think, Diogenes, that I was mad enough to believe all these ridiculous fables?

*Diogenes.* Why then did you authorize them?

*Alexander.* Because they authorized me. I despised them, yet made use of them, because

cause they gave me an absolute power over mankind. Those who would not have car'd a pin for the son of Philip, trembled before the son of Jove. The people must be deceiv'd. Truth has but a very slender power over their minds: fiction, an almighty one. The answer of that priestess which you now deride, has been of more service to me, in my conquests, than my courage or prudence. We must know mankind, fit ourselves to their tempers, and lead them thro' those paths in which they are able to walk.

*Diogenes.* Men of the character you are now describing deserve to be despis'd, as much as the fiction of which they are so fond. That you might be esteem'd by such vile men, you have had recourse to falshood, which has made you more worthless than any of them.

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## DIALOGUE XXVI.

DIOGENES and the ELDER DIONYSIUS.

*A prince, whose happiness consists in the gratification of his appetites and pleasures, can neither be truly blest'd in this world, nor in the next.*

*Elder Dionysius.* **I** Am glad to meet with a man of your fame. Alexander, since his coming hither, has talk'd to me about you.

*Diogenes.* As for you, I had heard too much  
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of your fame upon earth; you made the same noise as an impetuous torrent, which bears down all before it.

*Elder Dionysius.* And is it possible that you could be happy in your tub?

*Diogenes.* A certain mark of my being happy there, was my never seeking for any thing farther, and even my despising the offers which the young Macedonian, whom you just now mention'd, made me. But confess the truth, you was not happy in the possession of Syracuse and Sicily, since you endeavour'd to make yourself master of all Italy.

*Elder Dionysius.* Your moderation was nothing but vanity and dissembled virtue.

*Diogenes.* Your ambition, folly, and a towering pride which could not act with justice, either towards yourself or others.

*Elder Dionysius.* You grow bold.

*Diogenes.* Do you imagine that you can still play the tyrant here?

*Elder Dionysius.* Alas! I am but too sensible that I cannot. I held the people of Syracuse, as I have often made my boast, in diamond chains; but the cruel fates cut those chains with the thread of my life.

*Diogenes.* I hear you sigh, and am persuaded that you also sigh'd when in the height of all your glory. As for my part, I never sigh'd whilst in my tub; nor need I do it now, since I have left nothing on earth worth sighing for. O poor tyrant! how much have you lost by being rich! how much has Diogenes

ogenes gain'd by being in possession of nothing!

*Elder Dionysius.* All kinds of pleasures offer'd themselves to me; my music was wondrous fine, my table exquisite, and my slaves without number. I had perfumes, gold and silver furniture, pictures, statues, shews of all kinds, men of wit to converse with and flatter me, and armies to overcome all my enemies.

*Diogenes.* Add to this suspicions, fears, alarms, jealousy and rage, which prevented your enjoying all those things you have named.

*Elder Dionysius.* I confess it; but would you have had me liv'd in a tub?

*Diogenes.* Could not you live like other men, peaceably in your own house, and delight in the study of philosophy? But is it true, that in the midst of your pleasures you always fancied that you saw a naked sword hanging over your head?

*Elder Dionysius.* Let's talk no more on't; you want to insult me.

*Diogenes.* Will you permit me to ask you another question, more home than the former?

*Elder Dionysius.* I must permit it as far as I see; for I know no means which I am now master of, that will prevent you.

*Diogenes.* Did you promise rewards to all those who should invent new pleasures? surely you must be violently greedy after pleasure; but how strangely were you deceiv'd! you turn'd every thing topsy-turvy in your own kingdom, with a design to make yourself happy;

happy; yet were miserable at the same time for want of new delights.

*Elder Dionysius.* I was obliged to have new ones invented, when the old ones grew insipid, and lost their relish.

*Diogenes.* And thus all nature was not able to satisfy you. Where then could you hope to meet with any thing that could content your violent passions? but tell me, could these new pleasures cure you of your suspicions, and stifle the remorses of conscience, which upbraided you with your crimes?

*Elder Dionysius.* No; but those who are sick, seek any means of assuaging their pains; they try the efficacy of new remedies to cure them, and to restore their lost stomachs.

*Diogenes.* So you had lost your stomach, and was half-starv'd at the same time; you loath'd what you had, and was greedy after what you could not come at. A fine state indeed, and which you labour'd hard to acquire and preserve! an excellent recipe this, to make one happy! how can you presume to laugh at my tub, where a little bread and water, and the sunshine satisfied me? when we know how to relish these plain and natural pleasures, we are never without such delights as cannot grow loathsome; but when we despise them, in vain we possess riches and power, for we can enjoy nothing.

*Elder Dionysius.* This truth is very afflicting, when I reflect on my son, whom I have left to tyrannize after me. I had better have

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bred him up a poor tradesman, satisfy'd with a very little, and able to bear the strokes of adverse fortune; then would he have met with some solid pleasures, which nature affords those who are placed in a mean state.

*Diogenes.* To give him a good stomach, he should be obliged to fast; and to rid him of the trouble which his sumptuous palace gives him, he should be sent to live in the tub, which since my death stands empty.

*Elder Dianysius.* And he'll never be able to maintain that power which has cost me so much trouble in procuring.

*Diogenes.* How is it possible that a man bred up in the midst of effeminate pleasures, and a too great prosperity, should know any thing? scarce is he capable of tasting any delight, even when it falls in his way; every body must torment themselves to divert him.

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D I A L O G U E XXVII.

PYRRHO and his Neighbour.

*The falsity and absurdity of Pyrrhonism.*

*Neighbour.* A Good day to you, Pyrrho! they say that you have a great number of disciples, and that your school is grown very famous; will you receive me in it, and instruct me?

*Pyrrho.* I think I will.

*Neighbour.*

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*Neighbour.* What makes you say *I think*? don't you know your own mind? If you don't I can't imagine who should; or pray now, what is it that you do know? you, who pass for so very learned a man?

*Pyrrho.* Who I; I know nothing.

*Neighbour.* What do people learn then, by attending your lectures?

*Pyrrho.* Nothing at all.

*Neighbour.* Why do they attend them then?

*Pyrrho.* To be convinced that they know nothing. Is not that an excellent piece of knowledge, to be satisfy'd that one knows nothing?

*Neighbour.* Indeed I think not: the ignorant unpolish'd peasant is sensible of his ignorance; yet is he neither a philosopher nor a wise man; He is convinced of his ignorance, far more than you are of yours, seeing that by this affectation of ignorance, you set yourself above the rest of mankind. This pretended ignorance of yours does not hinder your being presumptuous; whereas, the clown, sensible of his ignorance, really and sincerely mistrusts himself in every thing.

*Pyrrho.* The clown thinks himself ignorant of those things only which are too sublime for his understanding, and which require application and study; but he does not know that he is ignorant of his walking, speaking, or living: I, for my part, am ignorant of all these things, and this ignorance is founded on elementary principles.

*Neighbour.* And are you really ignorant of all these things? fine principles, indeed, to have none at all!

*Pyrrho.* Yes, I do not know that I live, or have a being; in short, I am ignorant of every one thing without exception.

*Neighbour.* But don't you know that you have the faculty of thinking.

*Pyrrho.* I do not know it.

*Neighbour.* To be ignorant of every thing, is always to be in doubt, and never certain in any thing: is not that true?

*Pyrrho.* It is, if any thing can be so.

*Neighbour.* To be ignorant, and to doubt, you acknowledge are the same thing; and again, to doubt, and to think, are the same: from whence I conclude, that your ignorance, and doubt, are certain proofs of your having the faculty of thinking: And there is something certain, seeing that your very doubt of it proves the certainty of your thinking.

*Pyrrho.* But I am ignorant even of my ignorance; now you are finely caught.

*Neighbour.* If you are so, why do you talk of it then? why defend, why teach it your disciples, and endeavour to persuade'em out of every thing they have hitherto believ'd? If you are ignorant even of your ignorance, you must never read lectures upon it, nor despise those who think themselves acquainted with truth.

*Pyrrho.* Our whole life can be nothing but one continued dream: perhaps at the instant  
of

of death, we shall awake, and then see all that we believ'd real, was nothing but a dream: as a man who awakes on the sudden, finds all those phantoms vanish'd, which during his dream, he fancy'd that he saw and touch'd.

*Neighbour.* You are afraid then that you sleep and dream with your eyes open; when you talk of any thing, you say perhaps, but even this perhaps denotes a thought. Here nightly visions must be the visions of a dreaming man; 'tis therefore certain that you dream, and dreaming cannot be the action of a thoughtless being. A thing which does not exist, can neither sleep, dream, doubt, deceive it self, be ignorant of every thing, nor say perhaps: thus spite of yourself you must know something, and let the worst come to the worst, must acknowledge that you are a thinking dreaming being.

*Pyrrho.* This subtlety is perplexing: you may be gone, I'll admit no such subtle troublesome disciple into my school.

*Neighbour.* You will, and then you will not. Every thing, indeed, that you say, or do, gives the lye to your affected doubt. Your sect is a sect of lyars; and I can assure you, that if you won't have me for a disciple, I am even with you, and would by no means have you for a master.

## DIALOGUE XXVIII.

PYRRHUS and DEMETRIUS-POLIORCETES.

*Temperance and virtue, not conquest and success,  
make the hero.*

*Demetrius.* I Am come to salute the greatest hero, Alexander excepted, that ever Greece produced.

*Pyrrhus.* Is not that Demetrius, it should be he by the picture that has been given me of him.

*Demetrius.* Have you heard any mention made of the great wars which I have been oblig'd to carry on?

*Pyrrhus.* Yes; but I have at the same time heard mention made of your softness, and effeminacy during the time of peace.

*Demetrius.* My great actions have made sufficient amends for that fault.

*Pyrrhus.* In all the wars that I waged, I was still the same: I shew'd the Romans that I knew how to assist my allies; for when they attack'd the Tarentini, I went to their assistance, with a formidable army, and made the Romans feel the weight of my arm.

*Demetrius.* But Fabricius at length overcame you with ease enough; and the whole world might see that your troops were not to be compar'd to the Roman forces. Your elephants gain'd you the victory in the first battle,  
by

by spreading confusion amongst the Romans, who were not accusom'd to this manner of fighting: of the second combat, you made a drawn battle; but in the third the Romans gain'd a compleat victory; you were obliged to return to Epirus, and at last you dy'd by a woman's hand.

*Pyrrhus.* I died in combat; but for your part, your gormandizing and debauches, brought you to the grave. I own that you have carried on many a dangerous war, in which you came off with advantage; but you were follow'd to these wars by a company of courtezans, as a shepherd is by his flock. For my part, I always appear'd unmov'd even in my misfortunes; and in this I think I excell'd Alexander.

*Demetrius.* And would you compare your entering into Italy, and being obliged to leave it shamefully, to his passing the Danube upon goat-skins, forcing his passage over the Granicus, with a few soldiers, against an innumerable host of opposing enemies; to his always over-coming the Persians, whether in defiles, or open pitch'd battles, and taking their towns; and in short to his penetrating even into India, and making himself master of all Asia.

*Pyrrhus.* These great conquests of Alexander were the cause of his death: for 'tis said, that Antipater, whom he had left at Macedon, in hopes of inheriting all his dominions, had him poisoned at Babylon.

*Demetrius.* His hope proved vain, and my father shewed him that he had to do with better men than himself.

*Pyrrhus.* I must confess, I shewed Alexander a bad example; my design was to conquer Italy, and his, to make himself master of the whole world: but he had been far happier, had he stayed at Macedon, than he was, when like a madman he over-ran all Asia.



## DIALOGUE XXIX.

DEMOSTHENES, CICERO.

*A parallel drawn between those two orators, wherein the character of true eloquence is given.*

*Cicero.* **A**ND so you would have it, that I was but an indifferent orator?

*Demosthenes.* I do not say an indifferent one; for 'tis not an ordinary person that I would boast of having excelled: doubtless, you were a famous orator, a man of excellent parts; but you often wandered from your purpose, which to keep close up to, is the greatest degree of perfection in oratory.

*Cicero.* I suppose that you had no faults at all.

*Demosthenes.* In oratory, I think, I can be upbraided with none.

*Cicero.*

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*Cicero.* And would you compare the richness of your genius, to mine? your discourses were always dry and unadorned, confined to narrow limits: you never enlarged on any subject. You used so short, or if I may be allowed the expression, so hungry a way of talking, that one dares not retrench a word from your discourses; whereas the copiousness of mine, shews a richness and fertility of genius, which was the occasion of its being justly said, that nothing could be added to my works.

*Demosthenes.* Where nothing can be retrenched, nothing but what was absolutely necessary has been said.

*Cicero.* And where nothing can be added, nothing certainly is omitted, that can embellish the work.

*Demosthenes.* Your works abound with more flashes of wit than mine, and that's the reason you value yourself above me; is it not?

*Cicero.* Yes, my discourses are infinitely more adorned than yours; there's much more wit, turn, art, and ease in them; I can dress the same thing up in twenty different forms. Whilst the people were listening to my orations, they were continually admiring my wit, and surpris'd with my art; they shout'd and often interrupted me, to applaud and praise me: I suppose that you were listened to with attention, and probably your hearers never interrupted you.

*Demosthenes.* What you say is true, and you are mistaken only in the conclusion you draw: you

you filled the assembly with thoughts of yourself; I, with thoughts of the business I was talking of. Your hearers admired you, mine were taken up with resolutions of doing what I was persuading them to. Your flashes of wit pleased, my words like thunderbolts bore every thing down before them. Your audience cryed out, how nobly he talks! Mine, come, let us march against Philip. They praised you, but were too elevated to praise me. Your orations were adorned, mine without any ornament. I had nothing in my discourse but strong, plain and close reasons, from whence I drew conclusions, as piercing as the lightning which cannot be resisted. When you were plain, grave, austere, without any apparent art; in short when you were Demosthenick, you were a perfect orator: but when wit, turns, and art appeared in your discourses, you were then barely Cicero, and you erred from perfection, whenever you strayed from my character.

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### DIALOGUE XXX.

DEMOSTHENES, CICERO.

*The difference between an orator and a true philosopher.*

*Cicero.* **I**N my opinion you are but little the better for having lived in Plato's days, and been his disciple.

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*Demosthenes.* Did you never observe any thing in my orations, you have read them so carefully, that savoured of Plato's maxims, and his manner of persuading?

*Cicero.* You mistake my meaning: you were certainly the greatest orator that ever Greece produced, but then you were nothing but an orator. As for me, who never knew any thing of Plato but in his writings, and who lived three hundred years after his time, I endeavoured to imitate him in his philosophy: I brought the Romans acquainted with it, and was the first who introduced that manner of writing amongst them. In short, I endeavoured as much as possibly I could to join eloquence and philosophy together in the same person.

*Demosthenes.* And so you believe that you have been a very great philosopher?

*Cicero.* He is a philosopher who loves wisdom, and endeavours to make himself learned and virtuous; and, without vanity, I think that I deserve the title.

*Demosthenes.* Of an orator, you do; for you have been the most famous of your nation, and even the Greeks who lived in your time admired you: but for that of a philosopher, you must pardon me, 'tis not so easily acquired.

*Cicero.* You don't know how much trouble it cost me, my daily toils, and nightly watchings, my meditations, the books which I have read, the masters whom I have attended, and the treatises which I have written.

*De-*

*Demosthenes.* All this does not make you a philosopher.

*Cicero.* What will then ?

*Demosthenes.* You must do what you fleeingly said of Cato, study philosophy, not barely with a design to discover the truth of things, and to be able to argue as most men do, but to practise it also.

*Cicero.* And did I not do it ? did I not live up to the doctrines of Plato and Aristotle, which I had embraced.

*Demosthenes.* Let Aristotle alone ; perhaps I cannot allow of his being a philosopher ; I can entertain no great opinion of a Grecian always engaged to a king, nay to Philip ; and as for the maxims of Plato, I'll maintain that you never followed them.

*Cicero.* During my youth, and even the greatest part of my days, I must confess that I led the active and laborious life of those whom Plato calls politicians ; but when the state of my country was changed, and I could no longer be useful to it by being at the helm of affairs, I endeavoured to serve it by my knowledge of the sciences ; and for that purpose retired to my country-seat, and spent my time in the contemplation and study of truth.

*Demosthenes.* That is to say, philosophy was your *Pis-aller*, and when you could no longer have any share in the administration, you endeavoured to distinguish yourself by your learning : so that 'twas your own glory, more than virtue, that you aimed at.

*Cicero.*

*Cicero.* To speak the truth, I always loved glory as the necessary consequence of virtue.

*Demosthenes.* Rather say, you coveted a great deal of glory, and very little virtue.

*Cicero.* What grounds have you for judging so ill of me?

*Demosthenes.* Your own orations; for at the same time that you set up for a philosopher, did not you make those fine speeches, in which you flattered your tyrant Cæsar more grossly, than ever Philip was flattered by his slaves? and yet it is very well known how little you loved him: and this, your letters written during his life-time to Atticus, and produced after his death, sufficiently shewed,

*Cicero.* 'Tis absolutely necessary to suit one's self to the times, and to sooth a tyrant, lest he should grow more tyrannical.

*Demosthenes.* Spoken like an excellent orator, but very poorly for a philosopher! But, pray now what came of your philosophy after Cæsar's death? What was it that obliged you to engage yourself in state-affairs again?

*Cicero.* The Roman people, who looked on me as on the only prop and defence of their country.

*Demosthenes.* Your vanity persuaded you so, and made you at last the bubble of a young fellow. But to return to the point; you have always been an orator, never a philosopher.

*Cicero.* And was you ever any thing else?

*Demosthenes.* No, nor never pretended to it, I deceived no body; for I was soon sensible that

that I must take to the study of rhetorick or philosophy ; either of them was sufficient to employ a man's time. A thirst of glory always swayed me, and I thought it a fine thing to govern a whole people by my eloquence ; and when I was only a citizen, and a tradesman's son, to be able to resist the power of Philip : I had a value for the liberty of Greece, and for the public weal ; but I must confess that I had a greater value for myself, and was very sensible of the pleasure of receiving a garland on the public theatre, and of having my statue erected with a beautiful inscription. Now I can behold things in a quite different light, and am convinced of the truth of what Socrates said to Gorgias, " That eloquence was not so fine a thing as he thought, should it even gain its end, and make a man absolute master of the commonwealth." This is a pitch we both arrived at, yet acknowledge the truth, we neither of us were the happier for it.

*Cicero.* Our lives, I own, have been filled with toils and dangers ; scarce had I pleaded for Roscius, when I was obliged to fly into Greece to avoid Sylla's anger. The accusation of Verres also raised me up a great many enemies. During my consulship, the time of my greatest glory, I was exposed to the greatest toils, and greatest dangers. Several times my life was manifestly hazarded, and the hatred that I then drew upon me, ended in my exile. In short, my eloquence caus'd my death, and had I not employed it so much against Anthony,

thony, I shou'd still be alive. I make no mention of your misfortunes, 'twou'd be in vain to recal 'em to mind; but I think we may both blame the destinies, or rather our hard fortunes which brought us into the world in so corrupt an age, that we cou'd neither reform our republicks, nor prevent their ruins.

*Demosthenes.* Our judgments, not our fortunes, are to be blamed, we undertook an impossible thing; for it was not the people who forced us to take the administration of affairs upon ourselves, nor did our births engage us in it. I can forgive a prince who is born to the throne, for governing a state which the Gods have entrusted to his care, as well as possibly he can, because by his birth he is obliged to do it: nor can he disengage himself, let the state be in never so bad a condition. But a private man ought to think of nothing but governing himself and his family; he ought never to covet public offices, or endeavour to attain them. If they force them upon him, he may accept of them for the love he bears his country. But as soon as his hands are tied up from doing good, and that his citizens will neither be governed by law nor reason, he ought to return to his own private station, and deplore those publick misfortunes which we cannot prevent.

*Cicero.* So in your reckoning my friend Pomponius Atticus was wiser than myself, or even than Cato whom we have so much cry'd up.

*Demosthenes.* Doubtless Atticus was a true philosopher: Cato was too obstinately bent up-

on the redressing the grievances of a people who at the same time were resolved to lose their liberties, and you too easily yielded to the fortune of Cæsar; at least you did not preserve your dignity as you ought to have done.

*Cicero.* But is not eloquence a fine thing, and a noble gift of the Gods?

*Demosthenes.* If you consider it in itself, it is a fine thing, but often corrupted in the use of it, when employed in flattering the passions of the people, and gratifying our own: and what else did we, when we declaim'd with so many bitter invectives, I against Midias or Eschinus, and you against Piso, Vatinius, or Anthony? How often have our passions and interests obliged us to sin against justice and truth? the true use of elegance is to set truth in its fairest light, and to incline others to follow their greatest interest; that is, to cultivate justice and all other virtues. This is the use that Plato has made of his eloquence, in which neither of us has follow'd his example.

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## D I A L O G U E XXXI.

CORIOLANUS and CAMILLUS.

*Men are not born independant of, but subject to the laws of the country in which they are born and bred, and have, during their infancy, been protected.*

*Coriolanus.* **Y**OU have been sensible of the ingratitude of your country, as well as myself: How foolish a thing is it to

to serve a useless people? confess this freely, and excuse those who grow impatient.

*Camillus.* I cannot excuse those who rise up in arms against their own country; we may retire, give way to injustice, and wait for more favourable times, but 'tis impious to take up arms against our mother.

*Coriolanus.* Those fine names of mother, and of country, are nothing but mere names; men are born free and independent. Societies, with their several subordinations and politics, are nothing but human institutions, which never can destroy man's essential liberty. If the society to which we belong grow unjust and faithless, we no longer depend upon it, but are again restored to our own natural freedom, and are at liberty to chuse another society more reasonable than the former, where we may enjoy some repose, as a traveller who goes from town to town as his humour and convenience directs him. All these fine ideas of one's country, were first implanted by insinuating ambitious minds, who are desirous of lording it over others. Our legislators would persuade us strange things, but for all this we must still have recourse to natural right, which makes every man free and independent; for each man, being born in this state of independence on any other, pawns his liberty, and enters into a society of men upon condition that he shall be justly dealt by. When the society fails in the execution of this condition, that private man is again restored to his freedom, and the whole

earth belongs to him as well as to any other; he has nothing to do, but to preserve himself from the invasion of any superior power, and to enjoy his liberty.

*Camillus.* So, since your descent hither, you are grown a subtle philosopher; they say, that whilst among the living, you were not so much addicted to arguing: but are you not sensible of your error? This covenant with a society may be somewhat probable, when a man chuses a country to live in; and yet he is liable to be punished by the laws of that nation, provided he be admitted into the society, and deviates from the customs and morals of their republic: but children who are born in a country, are not at their liberty to chuse one; the Gods have given them one, or rather have given them to such a society of men, which is their country, that this country may possess them, govern them, reward them, or punish them, as her own children. 'Tis neither choice, polity, art, nor any arbitrary institution which makes children subject to their fathers, 'tis nature's work. The parents, join'd together, form this country, and they have an absolute authority over the children whom they have brought into the world. Dare you doubt of this truth?

*Coriolanus.* Yes, I dare; tho' a man be my father, I am a man as well as he is, and by the essential rules of humanity, as free as he is: I ought to be grateful to him, and bear him respect; but however nature has not made me dependent on him.

*Camillus.* Fine rules you lay down here for virtue ; every one must live according to his fancy, and there will no longer be any polity, safety, subordination, fixed society, or stable principles for the establishing of morals upon earth.

*Coriolanus.* There will still be reason and virtue impressed by nature upon the hearts of men ; if they make an ill use of their liberty, so much the worse for them : but tho' their liberties, once abused, may turn to licentiousness, yet it is very certain that by nature they are free.

*Camillus.* That I acknowledge ; but you must own at the same time, that the wisest of men, having been made sensible of the inconvenience of such a liberty, and that there would be as many fantastical governments, as ill contrived head-pieces, have thought it absolutely necessary to the peace of mankind, that the people every where should be subject to laws. Is it not true that there is a regulation which wise men, in all countries, have made for the foundation of society ?

*Coriolanus.* All this is true.

*Camillus.* And such a regulation is necessary.

*Coriolanus.* This too is true.

*Camillus.* And this regulation is not only wise, just, and necessary in itself, but also authorized by the universal consent, or at least, by the major part of mankind. If it be thus necessary to human life, there are none but untoward and unreasonable men who will offer to reject it.

*Coriolanus.* I own it, but however 'tis arbitrary.

*Camillus.* Whatever is essential to society, to the public peace, and to the safety of mankind; whatever reason necessarily requires, must be founded in the reasonableness of nature, and is not arbitrary: this subordination is not therefore an invention fit only to amuse weak minds, but on the other hand is a necessary band, which reason supplies us with for regulating, pacifying, and uniting men together. Reason, therefore, which is the true nature of reasonable creatures, requires that we should be subject to laws, and to certain men, who supply the place of the first legislators, whom they must obey, and with whom they ought to concur for the common interest; and to supply the public necessities, and never to make use of their liberty but according to the dictates of reason, to establish and confirm society: such a one is what I call a good citizen, loves his country, and is firm to the interest of the commonwealth.

*Coriolanus.* You accuse me of subtlety, and yet argue more subtilly than I did.

*Camillus.* Indeed, I don't; but we'll return, if you please, to particulars. By which of my propositions did I over-reach you? I said that reason was the nature of man; is that true?

*Coriolanus.* Doubtless it is.

*Camillus.* Man is not at liberty to act against the dictates of reason. What have you to object to that?

*Coriolanus.* Nothing at all.

*Camillus.* Reason obliges us to live in societies, and consequently in subordination; does it not?

*Coriolanus.* I am as sensible of that as you are.

*Camillus.* We must therefore have fixed rules for the behaviour of such societies, which rules are called laws; and we must have men for the guardians of these laws, called magistrates, to punish those who violate them, otherwise we should have as many arbitrary governments, as there are different humours in a state; and the most ill-contriv'd head-pieces would be the first that should endeavour to overturn laws and morals, and to govern, or at least to live, according to their own fantastic inclinations.

*Coriolanus.* All this is evident.

*Camillus.* 'Tis but reasonable, therefore, in nature, that we should make our liberties subject to the laws and magistrates of that society in which we live.

*Coriolanus.* This is undeniable; but then we may quit this society.

*Camillus.* If every one has the liberty of quitting that of which he was born a member, in a very little time there would be no such thing as a well disciplin'd society left.

*Coriolanus.* Why so?

*Camillus.* I'll tell you: the number of mischievous heads is much the greater, and if they could shake off the yoke of their country, they would go somewhere where they

might live without laws or rules: and this greater number thinking themselves independent, would shake off all authority wherever they came; nay, they would go out of their country to seek aid and assistance against their own country, and from that time forwards, there would be no such thing as a constant and settled society of people; and thus you would destroy all laws, and even society itself (which, as yourself confess, reason inclines us to) that you might indulge an immoderate liberty, or rather the licentiousness of fools and villains, who never think that they are free, unless they may unpunished bid defiance to reason and the laws.

*Coriolanus.* I now perceive the scope of your argument, and begin to relish it.

*Camillus.* Add to this, that the foundation of laws, and of a republic, were afterwards authorized by the common consent and universal practice of mankind, some few wild and barbarous people excepted: and thus mankind in general have, for these several ages, found themselves under an absolute necessity of subjecting themselves to the laws; and even fools and villains, who are not entirely hardened in their folly and villainy, are sensible of this necessity of living in societies, and being subject to the laws.

*Coriolanus.* I understand you; you would have this right of your country so sacred and inviolable, that we must not dare to take up arms against her.

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*Camillus.* 'Tis not I alone, but even nature's self that would have it. What motions did you feel in your heart, when Volumnia your mother, and Vetturia your wife, spoke to you in behalf of Rome?

*Coriolanus.* Nature pleaded for my mother, but not for Rome.

*Camillus.* But your mother pleaded for Rome, and nature for your mother. These are the natural bands which binds us to our country. Could you attack the city of your mother, of your friends and relations, without violating the rights of nature? I don't desire that you should enter into any argument upon the matter, but tell me your opinion without so much as taking time to reflect upon it.

*Coriolanus.* True, we act against the dictates of nature, every time we take up arms against our country; but if it be not permitted us to attack it, at least you must acknowledge, that we may leave it whenever it proves unjust and ungrateful to us.

*Camillus.* No, that's what I'll never acknowledge: if she casts us out from her bosom, we may go seek an asylum somewhere else. If she commands us to leave her, we must obey; yet when at a distance from her, we must respect her, wish for her welfare, and be ready to return, whenever she recalls us, and to die in her defence.

*Coriolanus.* Pray now, where did you get all these ideas of heroism? when my country has forsaken me, the contract betwixt us is

broke of course, I may forsake her also, and no longer owe her any thing.

*Camillus.* You have forgotten that we take our country for our parents, and that the laws have an authority over us, without which there would be no such thing as a fix'd and settled society upon the face of the earth.

*Coriolanus.* True, I acknowledge that this society in which we were born, nourished, and educated, and which in its bosom bears our friends and relations, ought to be looked upon as our true mother. I will own that we ought to pay her the same respects we would do to a mother; but ———

*Camillus.* If my mother had forsaken me, and used me ill, must I find her out, and beat her!

*Coriolanus.* No, but you might ———

*Camillus.* What? forsake her, and despise her, though she should return and shew a hearty sorrow for her ill usage?

*Coriolanus.* No.

*Camillus.* We ought always then to be ready to re-assume the natural love for our country, or rather we ought never to lose it, but fly to her service, as often as she gives us an opportunity.

*Coriolanus.* I own that what you say is very just; but when a man has been highly provoked, nor pride, nor a desire of revenge will permit him seriously to reflect. The haughty Roman people trod on the necks of the Patricians; this was an affront I could not bear with,

with, and the people being enraged, forced me to seek a refuge amongst the Volscii; there my own resentment, and a desire of being esteemed by these enemies of the Romans, forced me to take up arms against my own country: but now you have convinced me, that I ought quietly to have suffered my misfortunes.

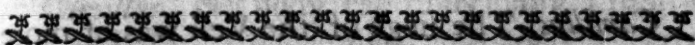
*Camillus.* We have the shades of several heroes amongst us, who have done what I tell you. Themistocles having offended so far as to go into Persia, chose rather to poison himself by drinking the blood of bulls, than to serve the king of Persia against the Athenians. Scipio having overcome all Africa, and being ill used at Rome, because his brother was accused of having been corrupted in the war against Antiochus, retired to Linternum, where he spent the rest of his days in solitude, not able to live in the midst of his ungrateful country: yet resolved never to violate that fidelity he owed her. This he himself has informed us of, since his coming down here.

*Coriolanus.* You quote the examples of other men, and take no notice of your own, which is the most beautiful of them.

*Camillus.* I own that the injustice of the Romans had rendered me entirely useless, the other generals were also deprived of authority; nothing was thought of but how to flatter the people, and you know how dangerous 'tis for a government, that its rulers should always be  
fed

fed up with flattering and imaginary hopes. Suddenly the Gauls, with whom the Romans had broke their words, rose up, and defeated them in the battle of Alia; had they made use of their victory, and pursued our soldiers, Rome had been no more. You know how the youth retired to the capitol, and the senators seating themselves in their Sedes Curiales were slain. I need not tell you the rest of the story, which you have so often heard. Had not I at that time stifled all my resentment, to save my country, it had infallibly perished. I was at Ardea, when the fatal news was brought me, and I persuaded the Ardeatæ to take up arms. By my spies I was informed that the Gauls believing themselves masters of every thing, were buried in riot and drunkenness. I surprized them by night, and made an horrid slaughter amongst them. Then the Romans, like men awakened out of a long dream, sent to me, desiring that I would be their general; to this I answered, that they could not represent their country, nor would I acknowledge them as such, and that I must wait for the orders of the young Patricians, in the capitol, who were the true body of the commonwealth, without whose commands I could not put myself at the head of their forces. Upon this, those who were in the capitol chose me their dictator. Mean while, the Gauls were wasted by contagious distempers, before the capitol, for the space of seven months, and at length a peace was concluded, and the be-  
sieged

sieged were weighing the money they were to give the besiegers, on condition that they should withdraw. Just at that instant I arriv'd; "'tis with our steel, not our gold, that we preserve our towns, cry'd I, avaunt, be-gone." They were surpris'd, and the next day rais'd their siege; I fell upon them in their retreat, and cut them to pieces.



DIALOGUE XXXII.

CAMILLUS and FABIVS MAXIMVS.

*Generosity and punctual honesty are of more service in politics, than any subtlety and evasion.*

*Fabius.* **T**HE three judges must now decide our rank, since you are resolv'd not to give way to me. They must decide, and I believe them just enough to prefer the heroic actions of the Punic war, when the republic was powerful, and admir'd by the most distant nations, to all those little combats fought in the infancy of Rome, just at the city-gates.

*Camillus.* 'Twill be no difficult matter for them to decide between a Roman who has been five times dictator, though never consul, who has triumph'd four times, and deserv'd the name of the second founder of Rome; and another Roman, who has never done any thing, but artfully spun out his time, and fled before Hannibal.

*Fabius.* I have deserv'd that title of second founder

founder of Rome, far better than ever you did; for Hannibal, and all the Carthaginian powers, from which I deliver'd Rome, was far more to be fear'd than the incursions of a few barbarians, whom you have scatter'd. You'll scarce find yourself able to make the taking of the village of the Veii, equal to the subduing Tarentum, that second Lacedæmon, and of which it was a colony.

*Camillus.* The siege of the Veii was of more importance to the Romans, than that of Tarentum; we must not judge of it by the bigness, but the mischief it was able to do: besides, the Veii were stronger in proportion for Rome, in its infancy, than those of Tarentum were for Rome, when swell'd with prosperity and power.

*Fabius.* But you were ten years in taking this little village, the siege lasted as long as that of Troy; and therefore after its being subdued, you enter'd Rome in a triumphant chariot drawn by six white horses: you was obliged too to make vows to the Gods for your success; you promised them a tythe of the booty. Upon this promise they deliver'd it up to you; but as soon as 'twas taken, you forgot your vows, and your benefactor, and order'd the soldiers to plunder the town, tho' the Gods had the first right to it.

*Camillus.* Such faults are not committed with any design, but in the hurry and heat of victory we are apt to forget: however, the Roman ladies paid my vow; they gave all their

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their gold and jewels to have a golden cup made of the weight of eight talents, which was offer'd up in the temple of Delos, and for this reason the senate order'd, that when any of these ladies died, their panegyric shou'd be publicly pronounced.

*Fabius.* Their panegyric, I grant; but not yours, for you broke the vow, and they paid it.

*Camillus.* No body can object any thing to my honesty; I have given too good a proof of it.

*Fabius.* So, the schoolmaster so often and so often talk'd of, is a going to be brought in now.

*Camillus.* You need not make a jest of it; the action redounds very much to my honour. The Phalerians, after the manner of the Greeks, had a learned man to instruct all their children together, that society, emulation, and the state-maxims which were taught, might make them as much, or more the children of the commonwealth, than they were of their own parents. This treacherous master came and deliver'd all the Phalerian youth into my hands. How easy had it been for me to have conquer'd this people, having such precious pledges in my power! but I did not act in this case, like those, who have but a small share of honesty, and love the treason tho' they hate the traitor: I loath'd 'em both, and ordering the lictors to tear the schoolmaster's clothes from off his back, and tie his hands behind him; I fill'd the children's hands with rods, and made them whip their master back again into their city.

*Fabius.* I must confess that this was a noble action, and a greater glory to you than the conquest of your little village.

*Camillus.* But the consequence of this action proves the utility of virtue, and shews that generosity is often of greater service than policy and cunning.

*Fabius.* What, I suppose that the Phalerians, mov'd with this action, sent you ambassadors, yielding themselves and their city to your discretion, saying, that they could do nothing more for the advantage of their country, than submitting it to so just a man, and who detested every thing that was criminal.

*Camillus.* True, they did; but I sent the ambassadors to Rome, that the senate might give what orders they pleased in this affair.

*Fabius.* You apprehended the jealousy and envy of your fellow-citizens.

*Camillus.* Had not I reason so to do? the greater our virtues, the sooner people are jealous of us; besides, such a deference was due to the republic, but they refus'd to make any decision, and sent the ambassadors to me, that I might end the business as generously as I had begun it. I left the Phalerians the liberty of governing themselves, according to their own laws, and concluded a peace with them, which in itself was just and honourable for them.

*Fabius.* I have heard that your army was highly provoked at this peace, for the soldiers were in hopes of a large plunder.

*Camillus.*

*Camillus.* Was it not my business to prefer the glory of Rome, and my own honour, to the sordid avarice of my soldiers.

*Fabius.* Certainly it was; but to return to our purpose; you don't know perhaps that I have given greater proofs of my honesty than ever you did in the school-master's business?

*Camillus.* Why really I neither know it nor believe it.

*Fabius.* I covenanted with Hannibal for the exchange of prisoners, and that of which side soever the greater number should be, the other party should pay two hundred and fifty drachmas for the ransom of each man. The exchange finish'd, the Carthaginians had two hundred and fifty Romans, whose ransoms were to be paid; the senate dislik'd the treaty, and refus'd the payment: upon this, I sent my son to Rome, to sell my estate, and with my own money paid the ransom. Your generosity the whole commonwealth stood to, mine was at my own cost? what you did, you did with the consent of the senate; what I did, was done in opposition to it.

*Camillus.* 'Tis an easy matter for a man, with the least spark of generosity, to purchase so much glory for such a trifling sum; my generosity was shewn, in saving my ungrateful country; had it not been for me, the Gauls would not have left you a Rome to defend. But let us go, and seek for Minos, he'll decide our rank, and put an end to this contest.

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## DIALOGUE XXXII.

FABIUS MAXIMUS, and HANNIBAL.

*A general ought to sacrifice his own reputation to the public safety.*

*Hannibal.* I Have made you spend many an unquiet day and restless night.

*Fabius.* I own it, but I have had my revenge.

*Hannibal.* Not too much of that neither, you did nothing but fly before me, encamp'd your self in inaccessible places, and on the tops of mountains which reached the clouds. Such shews of fear did not at all add to the Roman honour.

*Fabius.* The main chance is always to be minded: after the loss of so many battles, to hazard another combat, was to hazard the whole commonwealth: our troops wanted to take breath, and fresh courage; they must be accustomed to your arms, to your elephants, and to your stratagems; and you must be left to waste your strength, and soften in the pleasures of Capua.

*Hannibal.* But this cowardice of yours was a dishonour to you; a fine shift for a general to save himself on the top of the most craggy rocks, and make his troops climb up to the clouds! because he has been unfortunate, must he, like a hare, fly from his own shadow? This was encreasing the cowardice of your soldiers, and giving new courage to mine.

*Fabius*

*Fabius.* It was far better by this shew of cowardice to dishonour myself, than to have the flower of the Roman youth cut to pieces, as Terentius Varro had at Cannæ: but nothing dishonours a general which can be of service to the safety of his country, or the rendering an enemy's victory useless to him. The world will see that he has preferred the public safety to his own honour, which is far dearer to him than life; and this sacrifice of his honour is the greatest honour he can acquire. Nor, after all, is his honour here called into question, 'tis only exposed by a few superficial critics, who are so short sighted, that they cannot see the advantage of this dilatory way of carrying on a war. Let those who can only see just what is present, talk as they please. When your patience shall have met with its desired success, those who before condemned you most, will be the first and loudest in your praise; for they judge of things by their success only.

*Hannibal.* But what would you have had your allies think of the matter all this while?

*Fabius.* Just what they pleased, provided I saved Rome; I was sure then, at length, when I had prevailed over you, I should be cleared again.

*Hannibal.* Over me! you never had that honour yet; I shewed that in stratagems of war I was yet able to undermine you: for tying some fire upon the horns of a great number of oxen, I broke up my camp by night; whilst you imagined that it almost joined yours.

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*Fabius.*

*Fabius.* Such stratagems may surprise the world, but cannot decide this business: however, you dare not disown but that I weakened you, took our towns again, and raised the Roman forces from their sinking state; and had not the younger Scipio robbed me of the glory, I would have driven you out of Italy: but Scipio could not have done it, had not Rome been saved by the prudence of Fabius. Then do not any longer laugh at a man, who, by withdrawing a little from you, has made you abandon Italy, and ruined Carthage. There is no necessity for surprizing people with a splendid and advantageous beginning. The main of the business is to make a good end.

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### D I A L O G U E XXXIV.

RHADAMANTHUS, CATO the Censor, and  
SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

*The greatest virtues are tainted by a morose and  
burning temper.*

*Rhadamanthus.* **W**HAT old Roman art thou? I do not like thy physz at all, your looks are hard and crabbed, and I believe you were carotty-pated whilst young; certainly you must be above a hundred years old when you died.

*Cato.* I was but fourscore and ten, and thought my life very short, for I was pleased with life, and enjoy'd my health perfectly well: my name is Cato, did you never hear any mention

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tion made of my wisdom, and of my courage against the wicked?

*Rhadamanthus.* You are the same, I believe, by the description that has been given me of you, always ready to boast yourself, and to snarl at other men. But there is a dispute between you and the great Scipio, who conquer'd Hannibal. Scipio come forward, I intend to decide your old controversy, and let each man plead his own cause.

*Scipio.* I have reason to complain of Cato's mischievous jealousy, unworthy a man of his character. He made himself Fabius's friend, only with a design to thwart me, and they opposed my passing into Africa. In their politics they were both cowards, and Fabius was for his old way of lingering out a war, shunning the combat, encamping in the clouds, and waiting till the enemies had consumed themselves. Cato, who through a pedantic humour lov'd old folks, stuck to Fabius, and grew jealous of me, because I was young and bold. His avarice too, in a great measure, prejudic'd him against me: he was for having a war carried on frugally, as he planted his cabbage; whilst on the other hand, I was for having it waged vigorously, that we might soon see it gloriously concluded, and the cost over-look'd, the advantages acquired be only minded. This was a great grief to Cato, who was always for governing the commonwealth, as he did his cottage, and gaining cheap victories. He could not see that Fabius's designs would never have

succeeded, and that Hannibal was not to be driven out thus from Italy. That general knew how to live there, at the expence of the country, and could even preserve allies in it; he would always have been transporting troops from Africa. Had not Nero defeated Asdrubal before he joined his brother, Fabius the lingerer had been undone, and Rome, so narrowly pressed by so powerful an enemy, must in process of time have fallen. But Cato then could see no necessity of carrying that war before Carthage, which Hannibal had brought before Rome. I therefore demand justice on Cato, for the wrongs he has done me and all my family.

*Cato.* And I claim the rewards due to justice, for having preferred the public good, to your brother Lucius, who was a villain. Let us pass over this African war, in which your good fortune exceeded your wisdom, and return to the purpose. Was it not base in you, to extort the command of the army for your brother who was incapable of it? You promised to serve under, and follow him, and in the war against Antiochus, you was his tutor. How many violent and unjust actions was he then guilty of? but you shut your eyes, lest you should see them; fraternal fondness had blinded you.

*Scipio.* But was not this war gloriously concluded? Antiochus was defeated, and driven from the coasts of Asia. He was the last enemy who could dispute the supreme power with us.

us. Antiochus overcome, all the kingdoms of the earth came and submitted themselves to the Romans.

*Cato.* Antiochus might have been very destructive to us, had he followed the counsels of Hannibal; but he lost himself in infamous pleasures, and in his old age he married a young Grecian girl. Philopæmenes was wont to say, that had he been the Achaian protector, he would have cut all the army of Antiochus to pieces, in the taverns, where he would have surpriz'd them. 'Twas no great difficulty for your brother and you, to overcome those enemies whom pleasures and effeminacy had already subdued.

*Scipio.* However, the power of Antiochus was formidable.

*Cato.* To return to our purpose, did not your brother plunder and take away by force? dare you say, that he acted like an honest man?

*Scipio.* After my death, you were cruel enough to lay a fine upon him, and would have had him arrested by the lictors.

*Cato.* He deserved it, and so did you too, for—

*Scipio.* I, for my part, knew well enough how to behave myself; for when I saw the people beginning to be byass'd against me, instead of answering the accusation, I cried out, Come, let us go to the capitol, and return the Gods thanks, for that on a day like this, I overcame Hannibal and the Carthaginians. After this, I no more exposed myself to the inconstancy

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stancy of fortune; but retiring from an ungrateful country, I liv'd at Linternum, in a peaceable solitude, and respected by all honest men, and, like a philosopher, waited for the day of my death: This is what the implacable censor forc'd me to do, and of which I demand justice.

*Cato.* You upbraid me with what redounds most to my honour. I was so just, that I never spar'd any body, but made the most illustrious Romans tremble. I saw how much their manners were daily corrupted, by pomp and luxury. Do I not deserve immortal honours, for having driven Lucius Quintius out of the senate-house, who had been consul, and was brother to T. Q. Flaminius, who overcame Philip king of Macedon, by reason of his cruelty, in having a man kill'd, before a little boy he lov'd, to satisfy the curiosity of this child?

*Scipio.* This action, I own, was just, and you have often punish'd the guilty; but you were too violent against every body, and when you had done something that was good, boasted of it in too gross a manner. Do you remember your having formerly said, that Rome ow'd you more than you ow'd her? Were these words worthy a man of your gravity?

*Rhadamantbus.* What can you answer, Cato, to these reproaches?

*Cato.* That I upheld the Roman commonwealth, against the softness and luxury of the women who corrupted it; that I made the

greatest men stand in awe of the laws, and that whatever I taught, I also put in practise: but that the common-wealth did not take my part, thus against those whom I had made my enemies, only for her good. As my estate in the country was adjoining to that of Manius Lucius, I set his simplicity of manners before me, for an example for my actions, and Demosthenes for eloquence; and indeed I was soon call'd the Roman Demosthenes. I was daily seen to walk naked with my slaves, in tilling my land; but do not imagine that this application to husbandry and eloquence prevented my being a warrior: at seventeen years of age I shew'd my courage in the war against Hannibal, and when I return'd, my body was cover'd with scars. When I was sent prætor into Sardinia, I abolish'd that luxury which the prætors before me had introduc'd. I made it my business to ease the people, to establish a good discipline, and to refuse presents. Being chosen consul, I gain'd a victory in Spain, on this side the Boetis, against the Barbarians. After this victory, I took more towns in Spain than I remain'd days in that kingdom.

*Scipio.* Intolerable vanity! but this piece of boasting several shades have already jestingly told me. However, you ought not to talk thus before me, I am acquainted with Spain, and your fine conquests there.

*Cato.* Nothing's more certain than that four hundred towns surrender'd much about the same time; and this is more than ever you did.

*Scipio.* Carthage itself exceeds those four hundred villages.

*Cato.* But what will you say of my action under Maximus Acilius, when I went through precipices, to surprise Antiochus in the mountains, between Macedon and Thessaly?

*Scipio.* I think the action noble, and it would be unjust not to commend you for it, as well as for having curb'd many evil customs; but your sordid avarice cannot be excus'd.

*Cato.* You say so, because you first taught the soldiers how to live luxuriously; but you must remember, that I liv'd in a commonwealth, which every day grew worse and worse. A fish was sold then for the same price, that an ox was when first I came into public employments. I own, that things which were of no service, seem'd dear to me, even when at the cheapest. I often said to the Romans, Of what service is it to you, to govern the nations of the earth, when your own vain and corrupted women govern you? was I in the wrong for speaking thus? there was no modesty, no generosity, and no honesty left; every body's care was how to get money, that they might spend it luxuriously. I was censor, and by my age and virtue had acquir'd the authority; and was it not my business to speak?

*Scipio.* But to be the general informer at fourscore and ten, was a fine trade, was it not?

*Cato.* 'Twas the trade of a man, who has lost nothing of his vigour, or love of he commonwealth; and who exposes himself to the  
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the hatred of great men, who would unpunished commit disorders.

*Scipio.* But you have been accus'd, as often as you accused others; I think there were seventy accusations brought against you, and one of these in your eightieth year.

*Cato.* True, and I glory in it; for wicked men are always censuring the virtuous, who cannot pass over any crime of theirs.

*Scipio.* You found it a hard matter to confute the last accusations.

*Cato.* I own it; but do you consider the difficulty of giving an account of one's whole life, to men of another age. I was a poor old man exposed to the insults of the young, who thought I doated, and looked upon my former actions are fabulous. When I began to rehearse them, they gaped, and laughed at me, as at an old braggadocio.

*Scipio.* They were not very much in the wrong: but why were you so fond of censuring others, like a dog, who is always barking at every body that passes along?

*Cato.* I learned much more by correcting fools, than conversing with wise men. Our sages had but a small share of wisdom, and their lessons were but weak ones: but the fools have an entire portion of folly, and 'tis but looking upon them, to know what 'tis we must avoid.

*Scipio.* I know it; but why were you, who had such a share of wisdom, so great an enemy at first to the Greeks?

*Cato.*

*Cato.* I feared that they would teach us more of their arts than their wisdom, and of their dissolute manners than their sciences. I was no friend to their musicians, painters, poets and statuaries, whose arts would satisfy curiosity, and encrease voluptuousness. I thought it much better for us to preserve our plain rustic and laborious life, till our lands, talk less of virtue, and practise it the more.

*Scipio.* Why in your old age then did you take so much trouble in learning the Greek tongue?

*Cato.* I was at length enchanted by the syrens songs, as well as others, and listned to the Grecian muses; but I am afraid, that all those little Greek sophisters, who come half-starved to Rome, will make an end of corrupting the Roman morals.

*Scipio.* Nor is your fear groundless; but you ought to have apprehended the same corruption from your avarice.

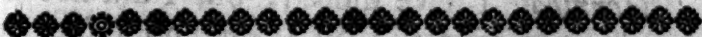
*Cato.* My avarice! I was a good husband, and loth to waste any thing; but my expences were always too great.

*Rhadamanthus.* The true language of a miser, who still believes himself prodigal.

*Scipio.* Were you not ashamed, in your old age, to leave your husbandry, because your fields and flocks did not bring you a sufficient income, and to turn usurer? was this fit for a censor to do! why don't you answer me?

*Rhadamanthus.* You dare not speak, and I plainly see that you are guilty. This is a nice case

case to pronounce sentence in, how shall I reward and punish you at once? but be this my sentence: the services you have done the common-wealth are meritorious, but 'twould be scandalous to place an usurer in the Elysian fields; you shall therefore remain at the gate, and hinder others from entering, controul all that shall come, and be the censor of hell, as you was of Rome: your pleasure shall be placed in criticising mankind. Vent your spleen upon L. Scipio, and L. Quintius, and the rest of the dead, who shall come hither from all parts of the universe; Roman citizens, great generals, Barbarian kings and tyrants; but beware of Lucius Scipio, I commission him to censure you without mercy. Here's money for you, lend it the dead, who shall not have wherewith to pay Charon's fare; but if you lend money in usury, Scipio will give me notice of it, and I will punish you as the most infamous of villains.



## DIALOGUE XXXV.

HANNIBAL and SCIPIO.

*So great the solid pleasure which accompanies virtue, that 'tis of itself a sufficient reward.*

*Hannibal.* **W**E now meet again, as we did in Africa, some few days before the battle of Zama.

*Scipio.* True, we do: but our now conference is far different from our former; we can

no longer acquire glory, or gain victories. There is no part of us, but a vain empty shadow remaining, and a remembrance of things past, something like the remembrance of a dream. The same Gods who have reduced Carthage have also reduced the conqueror of Carthage to dust.

*Hannibal.* Doubtless, 'twas at your Linternum retirement, you learnt to make all these philosophical reflections.

*Scipio.* Had I not learned it there, I should here; death, the most of any thing, undeceives us in our notions of worldly grandeur.

*Hannibal.* Solitude and disgrace have taught you abundance of wisdom.

*Scipio.* True, they have; but your adverse fortune has given you the same opportunity of improving. You have seen Carthage fall, been forced to abandon your country, and after having made Rome tremble, have been reduced to seek relief from court to court, and wander up and down a vagabond in Africk.

*Hannibal.* I have indeed; but I did not abandon my country, till I could no longer be of service to her, or she protect me. I left her in order to save her from a total ruin, and to spare my eyes the pain of seeing her enslaved. On the other hand, you have been forced to leave your country, when in the height of her glory? a glory! for which she was indebted to you: how ungrateful this was!

*Scipio.*

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*Scipio.* 'Tis what we must expect from mankind let us serve them never so well. Those that do good, through an ambitious motive, are always dissatisfied; sooner or later, fortune will betray them, and men prove ungrateful: but when for the sake of virtue we do good, that virtue will still reward us, thro' the solid pleasure she affords those who follow her paths, and we can despise all other rewards.

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## DIALOGUE XXXVI.

HANNIBAL, SCIPIO.

*Ambition is boundless.*

*Scipio.* **M**E thinks we are now conferring as before the battle of Zama, but the case is altered, we have no quarrel to decide. All our wars are drowned in Lethe's streams, and after having conquered for many provinces, one urn has held us both.

*Hannibal.* Very true. Our past glory is like a dream; we can make no conquests here, and I grow weary of this idle life.

*Scipio.* You were always very restless and very greedy.

*Hannibal.* I think now, that I was always very moderate.

*Scipio.* Moderate! as how? at first the Carthaginians endeavoured only to preserve themselves in the west-part of Sicily, and there

the wise king Gelon and Dionysius the tyrant gave them work enough.

*Hannibal.* They did, indeed; but even then we thought of subduing all those flourishing towns, which governed themselves as republics, such were Leontium, Agrigentum, and the rest.

*Scipio.* The Romans and Carthaginians being opposite to each other, with the sea between; and jealous of each other's glory, contended for the island of Sicily, situated betwixt them; this was the summit of your ambition, I hope.

*Hannibal.* No, indeed, we had our pretensions in Spain also: our new Carthage gave us an empire there, almost as great as that in Africa.

*Scipio.* This I own; but a few ports for the convenience of your merchants, gave you the first colour for settling there: the ease with which you obtained them, made you think of conquering those vast regions.

*Hannibal.* At the time of our first wars with the Romans, we were powerful in Spain; and had it not been for your republic, we had soon been masters of it.

*Scipio.* But the peace we made with the Carthaginians obliged you to renounce all that was between the Pyreneans and the Evora.

*Hannibal.* This dishonourable peace was extorted from us; we had suffered vast losses both by sea and land, which my father was wholly intent upon repairing. At nine years of age he made

made me swear upon the altars, that I would ever be a foe to the Romans. I swore it, and kept my oath, followed my father into Spain, and after his death, commanded the Carthaginian army : what followed there, you know.

*Scipio.* I do so, and you know it too, to your cost. If you made any progress 'twas because fortune was over favourable. The hopes of joining the Gauls our antient enemies, made you pass over the Pyrenean mountains. The victory you gained upon the banks of the Rhone, made you pass the Alps also, in which you lost many men, horses, and elephants; and you with ease defeated our astonished troops, whom you surprised at Tircinum. One victory generally follows another, and procures the conqueror many allies; for the people will side with the strongest.

*Hannibal.* But what do you think of the battle of Trebia?

*Scipio.* That victory being the sequel of so many others, cost you but little; you there made yourself master of all Italy. The combats at Thrasimenes and Cannæ, were rather slaughters than battles; but you little hoped for such success at first.

*Hannibal.* I knew not how favourable my fortune might be, and I was resolved to try. The unforeseen blows I gave the Romans, confounded them. I made use of my good fortune, and my success far exceeded all my hopes and designs.

*Scipio.*

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*Scipio.* And is not this what I was saying? Sicily, Spain and Italy, were nothing to you at last; and your allies, the Greeks must soon have bowed their necks to your yoke.

*Hannibal.* You have been guilty of the very same thing you now upbraid me with; Spain, Sicily, Carthage, and even all Africa, were nothing to you. Greece, Macedon, the islands, Egypt, and Asia itself, fell before you; nor could you bear to see the Parthians and Arabians free: the whole world was too little for these Romans, who had been employed five hundred years in conquering that little tract of ground round their city, belonging to the Volscii, the Sabines, and the Sammites.

DIALOGUE XXXVII.

SYLLA, CATALINE, and CÆSAR.

*Though corrupted princes see the fatal consequences that attend vice, yet will not the example prevail upon them to mend.*

*Sylla.* I Am come in haste, Cæsar, to give you a piece of advice, and I have brought Cataline with me, to help persuade you: you know him well, and did belong to his cabal, don't be afraid of us, we shades cannot hurt you.

*Cæsar.* I could have excused this visit, your looks are cloudy, your counsels may probably be so in a greater degree; but pray, what hasty piece of advice have you to give?

*Sylla.*

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*Sylla.* You must not aim at a tyrannic power.

*Cæsar.* Why so, did not you aim at it?

*Sylla.* I did, and therefore when I renounce it, ought the more easily to be believ'd.

*Cæsar.* I am resolv'd to follow your example in every thing; I'll aim at absolute power, as you did, and after my death, my shade shall come to undeceive those tyrants who shall succeed me.

*Sylla.* Jestings is out of season, we shades are always serious; but to the purpose; I willingly renounced tyranny, and found myself much the better for it; Cataline aimed at it, and unfortunately perished in his attempt: our two examples ought to instruct you.

*Cæsar.* Indeed they cannot. You held the commonwealth in chains, but were fool enough to degrade yourself; after having laid down the supreme power, you remained debased, obscure, useless, and cast down, and the once fortunate man was forsaken by fortune: here's one of the examples that I don't comprehend. As for the other, Cataline endeavoured to make himself absolute master: so far I commend him; but he took wrong measures; why so much the worse for him; I'm certain, that I'll never undertake any thing but with caution.

*Cataline.* I took exactly the same measures you do, flattered the youth, softened them in pleasures, engaged them in criminal actions, and sunk them over head and ears in debt;

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settled my authority by the help of women who could intrigue, and spread confusion and discord: can you take better measures?

*Cæsar.* You tell me things here that I never heard of before.

*Cataline.* I tell you, that you may avoid those evils which proved my destruction, and I came on purpose to forewarn you.

*Sylla.* Once more I tell you, that I found myself much the better for having renounced all public employments.

*Cæsar.* Renounce all public employments! Must we abandon the commonwealth in time of need?

*Sylla.* This is not what I aim at, there is a vast difference between serving and tyrannizing over her.

*Cæsar.* Why then did you give over serving her?

*Sylla.* I see you are resolved that you won't understand me; I tell you we must serve our country to the day of our death, but we must never aim at tyranny; nor when we have attained, maintain ourselves in it.

## DIALOGUE XXXVIII.

CÆSAR and CATO.

*Despotic and tyrannic power, far from insuring the happiness and authority of princes, makes them miserable, and in the end proves their ruin.*

*Cæsar.* **A**LAS, my dear Cato, what a terrible wound you have!

*Cato.* I gave it myself at Utica, that I might not survive the liberty of Rome: but, pray, how came you, who are pitying me, to follow so soon after me? ha! what wounds are those? Hold, let me reckon them, there are three and twenty.

*Cæsar.* You'll be amazed when you hear that I received them in the midst of the senate, received them from my most intimate friends. How black their treason!

*Cato.* I am not at all amazed at it: were you not the tyrant of your friends, as well as of the other citizens? and were not they obliged to revenge their oppressed country? In such a case we must not only sacrifice a friend, but, like Timoleon, a brother; or, like old Brutus, a son.

*Cæsar.* One of his descendants has had these fine precepts too well infused into him; Brutus, whom I loved so well, who passed for my own son, was at the head of this conspiracy.

*Cato.* Happy Brutus! thou hast freed Rome, and consecrated thy hands in the blood of a

new Tarquinius, more haughty and more impious than he who was driven out by Junius.

*Cæsar.* You were always prejudiced against me, and in your notions of virtue overstrain'd.

*Cato.* And what is it that has prejudiced me? your soft, insinuating, prodigal, dissolute life; your debts, intrigues, and boldness: this has prejudiced Cato against the man, whose girdle, trailing robe, and effeminate air, promised nothing worthy of the antient Romans: you never did deceive me, I found from your very youth what you would prove, and had I been believed —

*Cæsar.* You would have involved me in Cataline's conspiracy, and destroyed me.

*Cato.* Then you lived like a woman, and shewed yourself a man only against your country, what means of convicting you did I not use? but Rome was then hastning to her destruction, and would not know her enemies.

*Cæsar.* I must own that your eloquence frightened me, and I was forced to have recourse to authority; but you must confess that I drew myself out of the scrape like a wise man.

*Cato.* Like a subtle villain, you mean; your moderate and insinuating discourse dazzled the wisest, and you favoured the conspirators under the colour of not pushing the rigour of the law too far. I was the only one who in vain resisted you, and even then I saw the Gods were incensed against Rome.

*Cæsar.* Confess the truth; you feared at  
Utica

Utica to fall into my hands, and did not know how to appear before me : but my design was to conquer and to pardon.

*Cato.* 'Twas the pardon of a tyrant, the life of Cato spared by Cæsar, that I feared, 'twas far better to die than to see you.

*Cæsar.* I would have used you generously, as I did my son ; was it not better to live and assist the commonwealth ?

*Cato.* When liberty was gone, the commonwealth was no more.

*Cæsar.* But must you be enraged against yourself ?

*Cato.* My own hands, spite of the tyrant's power, set me free, and *I disdained a life which I had power to offer* ; but as for you, your friends were obliged to tear you to pieces as they would a monster.

*Cæsar.* If after my victory to live was shameful, why did you send your son to me ? was you willing he should degenerate ?

*Cato.* In such a case of life and death every one follows the dictates of his heart. Cato was obliged to die ; his son, who had not reached his father's honours, might live, and by reason of his youth, hope to see better days, and far more happy times. Alas ! what pangs did I not suffer, when I let my son go to the tyrant ?

*Cæsar.* But why the tyrant ? I never took the title of king.

*Cato.* I always look upon the reality, not the name of a thing ; besides, how many stra-

tags did you use to accustom the senate and the people to your royalty? Did not Anthony at a feast, in a pretended jest, put a diadem upon your head? but this jest look'd too much like earnest, and rais'd the horror of the people; you perceiv'd it, and gave that honour to Jupiter, which you did not dare to accept: but it was this at last that made the conspirators resolve to give the blow.

*Cæsar.* Your informations here, I see, are good; but you do me injustice: my government was moderate, and I behaved myself like the true father of my country, which might be read in the grief of the people after my death; a time, you know, when flattery is out of season. When my bloody robes were presented them, they were willing to revenge me: what tears were shed! what pomps used at my funeral in the field of Mars! what can you answer to this?

*Cato.* That the people are always credulous, blind, inconstant, enemies to their own true interest. What have not the people suffer'd by favouring the tyrant's successors, and persecuting their deliverers. How much pure blood of the best citizens has been shed, how many of them proscribed? the Triumviri were more barbarous than the Gauls who took Rome. Happy those who never saw the day of desolation! but tell me, tyrant, why did you tear the entrails of your mother Rome? what are you the better for having enslaved your country? did you aim at glory? a far greater

greater might have been acquir'd by preserving the liberties and grandeur of this seat of empire, as Fabius, Fabricius, Scipio, and Marcellus did. Or was it a peaceable and happy life you aim'd at? you never could expect to find it in tyranny: every day of your life you ran as much danger as on that in which so many good citizens made themselves immortal by sacrificing you. Whenever you saw a true Roman, you might have trembled. Is this a peaceful and happy life which is acquir'd at the price of so many crimes? but what do I say? you had not so much as time to reap the fruit of your impieties. Speak, tyrant, speak? my looks are as shocking to you now, as yours would have been to me in Utica before I slew myself. Say, if you dare, that you were happy.

*Cesar.* I confess I was not, but my happiness was disturbed by such as you.

*Cato.* Rather say, by yourself: had you lov'd your country, it would have lov'd you. He whom his country loves, has no need of guards, every body watches about him; the only means of safety is to do good, and make it every body's interest that we should live. But you chose to reign, and to be fear'd; you did so, and men deliver'd themselves from the tyrant, and their fear at once. This is the end of all those, who, wanting to be fear'd, make it the people's interest to prevent them.

*Cesar.* But this power, which you call tyrannical, was become necessary; Rome could

no longer maintain its liberty, but wanted a master : Pompey was making himself such, and that I could not bear.

*Cato.* You should have quell'd the tyrant, but not have aim'd at his tyranny : if Rome did want a master, 'twas better to let another be guilty of the crime, than to commit it yourself. If a traveller be falling into the hands of highwaymen, must you hasten to rob him first ? but the too great authority of Pompey was a colour for you. Do we not know what you said as you were going into Spain, when you pass'd thro' a little town where several citizens were making interest to be chosen magistrate ? Have we forgotten the Greek verses you used so often to repeat ? but after all, when you became sensible of the misery and infamy of tyrannic power, why did you not lay it down ?

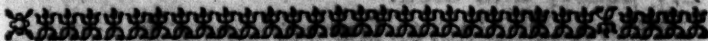
*Cæsar.* How must that be done ? the ascent to it is dangerous and craggy, but there is no path by which we can return ; if we come out of it, we must inevitably fall into the precipice.

*Cato.* Wretched man ! why did you aspire at it then ? why overturn every thing to reach it ; no blood was spared, not even your own, which was shed, but too late : you are fumbling for some ridiculous excuse.

*Cæsar.* And you don't answer me ; I ask you how 'tis we must lay down our power.

*Cato.* Go ask Sylla ; his example will make you blush. Farewel, I fear that the shade of

Brutus will see me talking to you, and be offended at it.



## DIALOGUE XXXIX.

CATO and CICERO.

*The character of these two philosophers, wherein the austere severity of one's virtue, with the weakness of the other's, is shewn.*

**Cato.** I Have expected you, great orator, this long while, but you are come as late as possibly you could.

**Cicero.** I am come after an heroic death, and have been the victim of the commonwealth; for since Cataline's conspiracy, at which time I sav'd Rome, nobody could be an enemy to the commonwealth without declaring himself mine.

**Cato.** And yet I have been inform'd that by your submission you found favour with Cæsar; that you bestow'd your greatest praises on him; was intimately acquainted with his base favourites, and by your letters persuaded people to have recourse to his clemency, that they might live peaceably in the midst of Rome, tho' enslaved. This is the use you made of your eloquence.

**Cicero.** I own I harangued Cæsar to obtain the pardon of Marcellus and Ligarius.

**Cato.** Would it not have been much better to have held your tongue, than to use your elo-

eloquence in flattering a tyrant. O Cicero, I have done more than you could do; I held my peace, and died.

*Cicero.* You never saw perhaps a fine observation I made in my Offices, That every man is to keep up to his own character. There are men by nature fierce and untractable, who must maintain this austere virtue till death: they must not bear the sight of a tyrant, and have no relief but death. On the other hand, there is a softer and more sociable virtue practised by moderate people who love the commonwealth better than their own glory: such ought to live, and be complaisant to a tyrant for the public good they owe themselves to their fellow-citizens; and it is not lawful for them to kill themselves, lest their country also sink into ruin for want of them.

*Cato.* This last duty you have fulfilled, and Rome is very much obliged to you, if we may judge of your love to her, by your fear of death: but those who can talk so eloquently, should take care never to contradict themselves. With what face could Cicero, who extoll'd Cæsar to the very heavens, and begg'd the Gods not to envy mankind so great a blessing, call the murderers of this Cæsar the deliverers of their country? How base, how infamous is such a contradiction! can we trust the honour of a man, who thus changes with the times?

*Cicero.* We must suit ourselves to the necessities of the commonwealth: this shift was much

much better than the African war undertaken by Scipio and you, contrary to all rules of prudence: but you were born to be always in extremes.

*Cato.* And you always to be in fear, as you yourself have often confessed: you were not able to foresee events: those who were uppermost could at any time make you contradict yourself. Did we not see you admiring Pompey, and exhorting all your friends to deliver themselves up to him? Did not you afterwards believe that Pompey would enslave Rome, if he conquered Cæsar? "How, say you, will he believe honest men when he shall be a conqueror, seeing that he will hearken to none of us, now that he stands in need of our assistance?" In short, did you not admire Cæsar, and afterwards praise Octavius?

*Cicero.* But I attacked Anthony. Can any thing be more vehement than my orations against him, like those of Demosthenes against Philip.

*Cato.* They are excellent; but Demosthenes knew better than you how to die, neither his life nor death were in the power of Antipater. Was you not ashamed to fly, as you did, without knowing where you were going, and at last be slain by Pompilius? 'Twas far more glorious for me to slay myself in Utica.

*Cicero.* And I prefer my having had hopes of the commonwealth to the day of my death, and having assisted it by my moderate counsels, to your waging an imprudent war, which you finish'd by a desperate blow.

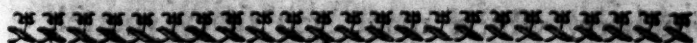
*Cato.* Your negotiations were no better than my African war; for Octavius, young as he was, has mock'd this Cicero the light of Rome; he made use of you to settle his authority, and then deliver'd you to Anthony. But now you talk of war, did you ever know how to carry one on? I have not yet forgot your conquest of Pindemissus, a little town in Silicia: a flock of sheep, grazing in a field, might have been as easily taken; and yet you wanted a triumph for this fine expedition. The supplications order'd by the senate were not sufficient for such an exploit. Do you remember what I answered you, when you made such pressing instances to me about it? you ought, said I, to be more pleas'd with the thanks of the senate, which by your conduct you deserved, than with a triumph, which more denotes the blessings of the Gods upon an enterprize, than the virtue of him that triumphs. Thus we endeavour to amuse men who are vain and incapable of doing themselves justice.

*Cicero.* I acknowledge that I was always over fond of praise; but is this so wondrous? Did I not by my consulship, by my love for my country, and by my eloquence, as well as by my relish for philosophy, deserve them? For when I could no longer be of service to Rome in her misfortunes, I comforted myself by arguing and writing upon virtue.

*Cato.* It would have been far better to have practis'd it in time of need, than to have writ upon it; but own it freely, you were a poor copier

copier of the Greeks, you mingled Plato with Epicurus, the antient academy with the modern; and after having written the history of their precepts in dialogues, where one man talked alone almost all the while, you scarce ever drew any conclusion. You were a stranger to philosophy, and thought of nothing but adorning your mind with its beauties: in short, you was still wavering between philosophy and politics.

*Cicero.* Cato farewell, you are in a very ill humour; I fancy that you regret life. As for my part, I am contented with the loss of it, without having made so great a piece of work of it. Indeed, you take too much upon you, for an action which many slaves have done, with as much courage as ever you did.



## DIALOGUE XL.

CÆSAR and ALEXANDER.

*The character of a tyrant, and of a prince, who endowed by nature with excellent qualities, gives himself up to his pride and passions; they are both scourges to mankind, but the one is to be pitied, the other abhorred.*

*Alexander.* **W**HO is this new-come Roman, so covered with wounds? Cæsar is it? I was told, great Roman, that you were going to conquer the Parthians, and sub-  
due

due all the East; how comes it about that you are here?

*Cæsar.* My friends assassinated me in the senate-house.

*Alexander.* Why did you become their tyrant, who were only born a citizen?

*Cæsar.* This language suits you well, a who conquer'd Asia, and enslaved all Greece.

*Alexander.* Yes, but the Greeks were strangers to me, and enemies to Macedon; I did not enslave my own country, as you did: on the other hand, I gave immortal honour to the Macedonians, with the empire of the East.

*Cæsar.* You conquered effeminate men, and became as effeminate as they were. You deprived the Persians of riches, and the riches of the Persians subdued you, by corrupting you. Have you brought that towering pride with you here, which made you fancy yourself a God?

*Alexander.* I confess my errors and my faults; but dare you upbraid me with effeminacy? do we not know how infamously you lived in Bithinia, how corrupted at Rome, where you shamefully caballed for every honour you obtained? Had you lived without being dishonest, you would have been but a private citizen; but then you would have been still alive.

*Cæsar.* The poison given at Babylon has had the same effect on you as the sword at Rome on me.

*Alexander.* 'Twas criminal in my generals to poison me, but those who stabbed you, are become

come the deliverers of their country; so that our deaths are very different, and so are our youths, in a far greater degree; mine was chaste, noble, and ingenuous, yours without honesty or modesty.

*Cæsar.* You shew the same passionate pride now, as when alive.

*Alexander.* I have been swayed by my pride, I must confess, and your conduct has been more regular than mine; but you never were benign and open, as I was. You should have been an honest man, before you aimed at being a great man; I have often been weak and vain, but I was still more just to my country than you were.

*Cæsar.* You make a great noise about justice, without ever having practised it. For my part, I think that the ablest man ought to make himself the master of the commonwealth, that he may govern it wisely.

*Alexander.* I was too positively persuaded of this, as well as you; Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Æacus, have severely reprimanded me for it, and censured my conquests; yet in the midst of my follies, I never had a thought of violating justice, which, you have suffered for doing.

*Cæsar.* The Romans, by killing me, have lost very much: I had formed some projects for the making them happy.

*Alexander.* The best project would have been to follow the example of Sylla, who having been the tyrant of his country, made her-  
free

free again; you would have finished your days peaceably as he did: but I see you do not believe me, I'll go and expect you at the judgment-seat, where you must be tried by the three judges.

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## D I A L O G U E XLI.

POMPEY and CÆSAR.

*Nothing is more fatal to a free state, than the corruption of their women, and the prodigality of those who aim at tyrannic power.*

*Pompey.* I Ruin myself by my expences, in order to please the Romans, and I can scarce compass it. At five and twenty years of age I had triumphed. I overcame Sertorius and Mithridates. I am always making large presents. I give the people public shews, and by my benefactions have acquired an innumerable company of clients, and yet can I not appease the envious. Cato refuses my alliance, and a thousand others thwart my designs. What do you think of this matter, my good father-in-law?

*Cæsar.* I think you take but bad measures for governing the commonwealth.

*Pompey.* How do you mean? can better be taken than by large donations to private men, to acquire their votes, and by gladiators, combats of wild beasts, and measures of corn and wine, to gain the favour of the people? In short, to have many clients zealous for the shews

shews which I give? Could Marius, Cinna, Fimbria, Sylla, or the rest of them take better measures?

*Cæsar.* By this you'll never hit your aim; Cataline understood his business much better than any of these.

*Pompey.* Cataline! do you talk seriously?

*Cæsar.* Never more, I'll assure you.

*Pompey.* And what is this mighty secret, pray now, for appeasing envy, dispelling suspicions, and charming the patricians and plebeians?

*Cæsar.* Would you know? do as I do, I advise you nothing but what I practise myself.

*Pompey.* You would have me flatter the people by an appearance of justice and liberty, pretend to be a zealous tribune, a very Gracchus.

*Cæsar.* This is something, but not all; there is a more sure way left.

*Pompey.* Is it magic, invocations of the genii, or knowledge of the stars?

*Cæsar.* Old women's tales, all these you name.

*Pompey.* You have then some commerce with the Gods, as Numa, Scipio, and others had.

*Cæsar.* All these are worn-out artifices.

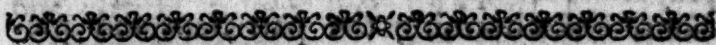
*Pompey.* Pray now tell me, and keep me no longer in doubt.

*Cæsar.* These are the two fundamental points of my doctrine; debauch all the women you can, to be let into the greatest secrets of their families; and secondly, spend profusely, and run in every body's debt: then it is every creditor's interest to have you make your for-

N

tune,

tune, that you may be able to pay them. They give you their own votes, and leave nothing untry'd, to get those of their friends. The more creditors you have, the stronger your party. To make myself master of Rome, I get in every body's debt. The nearer I am to ruin, the more powerful I grow. Let us but spend profusely, and riches like a torrent will break in in upon us.



## DIALOGUE XLII.

CICERO and AUGUSTUS.

*When we serve an ungrateful man, we work our own ruin.*

*Augustus.* **S**AVE you, great orator, I am heartily glad to see you again; I have not forgotten the many obligations you laid upon me.

*Cicero.* O! you can remember them here, but could not in the other world!

*Augustus.* After your death, I found one of my grand-children reading your works; he was surpris'd, and feared that I would chide him: but far from it, I took up your book, and said, he was a great man, and a lover of his country; you see I could speak well of you even in my life-time.

*Cicero.* A fine reward truly, for my trouble of educating you! when you were young, you made use of my counsels, my friends, and my interest.

*Augustus.* You gave them me, not so much for my sake, as to balance the authority of Anthony, whose tyranny you feared.

*Cicero.* True, I was not so much afraid of a child, as of that powerful and violent man; but I was deceived, you were the more dangerous of the two: however, I made your fortune; what did I not say to the senate, in your behalf, whilst you were at the siege of Modena, where the two victorious consuls Hirtius and Panfa perished? by their victories you had the command of the army given you. By my Philippicks, I prejudiced the commonwealth against Anthony. Instead of fighting for those who had supplied you with arms, you basely made a league with Anthony, and that worst of men, Lepidus, to enslave Rome. When the horrid triumvirate was formed, each one stickled a while for his friend; but every man made himself criminal, that his companion might be so too. Anthony was obliged to give up his own uncle L. Cæsar to you, that he might obtain my life, which you basely yielded to.

*Augustus.* I could not deny that man any thing, whose assistance I stood in need of, to make myself master of the whole world; such a temptation makes the fault excuseable.

*Cicero.* Such foul ingratitude can never be excused; had it not been for me, you never would have had any share in the public administration. I heartily regret the praises I bestowed

stowed upon you ; you were a false friend, and became a cruel tyrant.

*Augustus.* By this load of injuries, I fancy you are going to make Philippicks against me, more vehement than those against Anthony.

*Cicero.* No, I left my eloquence on the other side the Styx: but posterity will know, that I made you what you are, and you sacrificed me to gratify the passion of Anthony: but what vexes me the more, is, that you have not only render'd yourself odious, but me contemptible. They will say that I have been bubbled by a young man, who made use of me as a tool for attaining his own ambitious ends. Serve an ungrateful man, and you will reap nothing but shame, grief, and confusion.

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## DIALOGUE XLIII.

SERTORIUS and MERCURY.

*Fables and illusions will prevail more with the credulous vulgar, than truth and virtue.*

*Mercury.* **I** Must make haste back to Olympus,  
and I am sorry for it, for I want  
sadly to know how you ended your life at last.

*Sertorius.* I'll tell you in two words: neither the old woman, nor the 'prentice, could conquer me; but the traitor Perpenna slew me. Had it not been for him, I would have given my enemies work enough.

*Mercury.* Who do you call the old woman and the 'prentice?

*Sertorius.* Metellus and Pompey; the former was grown heavy, doubtful, and in short, worn out with age; by his slowness he would lose the most critical opportunities. On the other hand, Pompey was without experience, at the head of some barbarians, whom we had got together: I sported with both these captains and their legions.

*Mercury.* I don't wonder at that, they say you was a magician, and had a hind, that came to your camp, to give you notice of all the enemy's designs, and of all the advantages you could take.

*Sertorius.* Whilst I could make use of my hind, I never discover'd the secret; but now I may venture to tell the whole truth on't

*Mercury.* Well; and pray now was there any enchantment in it?

*Sertorius.* None at all; however, it was of greater service to me than my money, my forces, or the defeated remains of Marius's party against Sylla, whom I pick'd up in the mountains of Spain and Lusitania: a seasonable illusion will have a great sway over a credulous people.

*Mercury.* But was not the illusion a very gross one?

*Sertorius.* It was, but not so gross as the people for whom it was prepared.

*Mercury.* And did these barbarians believe all that you told of your hind?

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*Sertorius.* All, and as much more, if I would have told it 'em. Had I by my spies, or out-scouts, discover'd the enemy's march; 'twas the hind that had whisper'd it to me. Had I been beaten, the hind told me that the Gods would soon raise my sinking party. The hind ordered that the inhabitants of the country should send me in all their forces, lest they should be destroy'd by plague and famine. Had my hind been lost some days, and privately found again, I would hide her, and make some presage foretel the return of my hind, then bring her into the camp, where, to be sure, she brought some news from you Olympians. In short the hind was the only one who could repair our misfortunes.

*Mercury.* That creature served you better than you did us, for such impostures lessen the credit of, and prejudice our mysteries; to be free with you, you were an impious wretch.

*Sertorius.* Not more impious than Numa with his nymph Egeria; than Lycurgus and Solon with their secret commerce with the Gods; than Socrates with his familiar spirit: and in short, than Scipio with his mysterious way of going to the capitol, to consult Jupiter, who inspir'd his warlike enterprizes against Carthage. All these were impostors as well as myself.

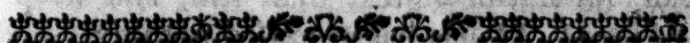
*Mercury.* But they were such only for the sake of establishing good laws, or making their country victorious.

*Sertorius.* And I for the sake of defending myself

myself against the tyrant Sylla, who had oppress'd Rome, and sent citizens, disguis'd like slaves, to slay me.

*Mercury.* And so you reckon the whole commonwealth as Sylla's party; for you were the only Roman who opposed it: however, you deceived these poor barbarians with religious mysteries.

*Sertorius.* True, I did; but when we have to do with fools, we must amuse 'em with follies, if we would gain our ends. Tell 'em solid truths, they'll not believe you: Make use of fables, flatter 'em, amuse 'em, and the whole country, great and small will run after you.



## DIALOGUE XLIV.

Young POMPEY, and MENAS the Freeman.

*The character of a man who does not love virtue for its own sake; and tho' he is not wicked enough to make use of vicious means, is not good enough to condemn 'em.*

*Menas.* SHALL I strike a glorious blow?

*Pompey.* As how? speak quickly, what ails thee to look thus like a Sybil in her cave, when she is inspir'd and foams?

*Menas.* 'Tis with joy. O happy opportunity! was the business mine, it should already have been ended; but, in a word shall I do it, ay or no?

*Pompey.* Do what? How can I answer before I know what you ask? tell me your meaning.

*Menas.* Do you see Anthony and Octavius at that table in your ship, who think of nothing but regaling themselves?

*Pompey.* See 'em! ay, dost think me blind?

*Menas.* I hope you are not deaf neither; a fine stroke might be struck there.

*Pompey.* Ha! would you have me betray 'em? violate the faith given my enemies? the son of the great Pompey, turn villain? Menas, thou dost not know me.

*Menas.* You don't comprehend me; you need not do it; my hand is sufficient for the blow, do you be a great man still, and keep your word, Menas has promised nothing.

*Pompey.* But you would have me, in whom they confided, suffer you to do it, tho' acquainted with it. Ah! Menas, Menas, why did you tell me of it? you ought to have done it without giving me any notice beforehand.

*Menas.* Why you shall know nothing of it now: I'll cut the cables of the anchors, and we'll put out to sea; the two tyrants of Rome are in your power. Let not a foolish scruple hinder you from revenging your father's ghost upon the heirs of Cæsar, and setting Rome free. Pompey may still keep his word, be generous, and cover'd with glory; Menas alone shall commit the crime, and the virtuous Pompey reap the benefit of it.

*Pompey.*

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*Pompey.* But Pompey can't be acquainted with the crime, and permit it without being equally guilty: Wretch, why did you tell me of it? O how I regret the loss of what was in your power!

*Menas.* If you regret it, why will you not permit it? and if you cannot permit it, why shou'd you regret it? If the thing in itself be good, dare boldly do it; if it be evil, why do you wish it done, yet will not suffer me to do it? You contradict yourself; a shadow of virtue makes you apprehensive, and me sensible of the truth of what I have often heard, that it must be a great soul that dares commit great crimes.

*Pompey.* True, Menas, I am neither good enough to reject a crime, nor wicked enough to dare commit it myself. I am placed between virtue and vice. 'Tis not true honour, but a shameful fear, that keeps me from it: I cannot authorize a traytor, or glory in the treason, tho' it should make me master of the whole universe.



## DIALOGUE LXV.

CALIGULA, NERO.

*The danger of despotic power in a monarch who has but a weak head-piece.*

*Caligula.* I Am glad to see you; they wanted to make me jealous of you here, by assuring me, that in the greatness of your

actions you excelled me, but I believe nothing of the matter.

*Nero.* A fine comparison indeed ! I sported with all mankind, and made them see things they never had seen. I destroyed my wife, my mother, my governor, and my tutor, and set my country in flames. These are the actions of an heroic courage, that soars above human weakness; the vulgar call this cruelty, I call it an entire contempt of all nature, and greatness of soul.

*Caligula.* A pretty hectoring blade ! but did you like me stifle your dying father ? did you like me caressing your wife, say, Pretty little head, that I'll have cut off whenever I please.

*Nero.* This was nothing ; but what I advance is solid : hold, I had forgot one of the finest actions of my life, my putting my brother Britannicus to death.

*Caligula.* This is something I confess : doubtless you did it in imitation of the great founder of Rome, who, for the public good, shed his own brother's blood ; but you were nothing but a musician.

*Nero.* You had higher pretensions, you wanted to be a God, and to sacrifice all those who should doubt it.

*Caligula.* Why not ? could the lives of men be better employed than in being sacrificed to my deity ? they were so many victims slain on my altars.

*Nero.* I never gave into any of these visions, but I was the greatest musician, and the most perfect

perfect comedian of the empire; I was a good poet too.

*Caligula.* At least you believed so, though others did not; every body laughed at your verses and your voice.

*Nero.* They did not laugh at them unpunished; Lucan repented his having endeavoured to excel me.

*Caligula.* A fine honour for a Roman emperor, to mount the stage like a buffoon, to grow jealous of the poets, and make himself the public laughing-stock!

*Nero.* 'Twas my voyage into Greece that fired me thus for the stage, and all other representations.

*Caligula.* You should have staid in Greece then, to have earned your living like an actor, and left another to possess the empire of Rome, who would have maintained himself in it with more majesty.

*Nero.* Had I not my gilt house that was larger than the largest cities? I knew how to be sumptuous and magnificent.

*Caligula.* Had this house been finished, the Romans must have went and lived out of Rome. The house was made proportionable to the colossus that represented you, and not to you who were no bigger than another man.

*Nero.* But I endeavoured to appear great.

*Caligula.* Rather gigantic and monstrous; but all these fine projects were destroyed by Vindex.

*Nero.* And yours by Chereas, as you were going to the theatre.

*Caligula.* To speak the truth, both our ends were unhappy, and we were cut off in the flower of youth.

*Nero.* And few there were who would make verses in praises of us, and wish us long lives. He who always fancies himself in danger, lives in misery.

*Caligula.* You speak as if you would change your manner of living, could you return upon earth.

*Nero.* No; I never could moderate myself. You know as well as I do, how dangerous it is for a weak head to have every thing in its power; an unlimited authority makes us grow giddy, and a man, who, in a mean station, would have been prudent, runs mad when he sees himself master of the whole world.

*Caligula.* 'Twou'd be a pretty piece of folly however, was it attended by no ill consequence; but conspiracies, troubles, remorses, and cares, come crouding in: besides, the comedy is short, and often concludes with a tragick catastrophe. We must now give an account to these three severe old men, who are not to be trifled with, but will punish those as the worst of villains, who set up for Gods on earth. I see Domitian, Commodus, Caracalla, and Heliogabalus, laden with chains, coming this way, whose fate will prove as unhappy as ours.

DIALOGUE XLVI.

ANTONIUS PIUS, MARCUS AURELIUS.

*We must love our country, better than our own family.*

*Marcus.* I Stand in need of your comfort, my dear father, I never thought that I should have felt so lively a grief, having been educated in the Stoic opinions, and being descended to these peaceful mansions.

*Antonius.* Alas, my son, whence all this grief? those tears but ill become a Stoick; what is the matter?

*Marcus.* I just now saw my son Commodus; he has dishonoured my name, so cherished and respected by the people; an infamous woman has had him sacrificed by way of prevention, because her name was in a list of those whom he was to put to death.

*Antonius.* I know that he has led an infamous life; but wherefore did you neglect his education? you yourself caus'd his misfortunes, and he has more reason to complain of your negligence than you of his disorder.

*Marcus.* I was so taken up with the affairs of the empire, and foreign wars, that I had scarce time to think of my child, yet did I take some care of him. Alas, had I been a private man, I should have instructed him myself

self, and made him honest; but I left him too much power, to leave him fraught with virtue and moderation.

*Antonius.* If you were sensible that power would ruin him, you ought never to have made him emperor both for the sake of the empire, and of your son, who in a meaner state might have done much better.

*Marcus.* I never foresaw his corruption and degeneracy.

*Antonius.* You ought to have foreseen it; but did not paternal fondness blind you? In you I chose a stranger for my successor, without the least regard to the interest of my family. Had you done the same thing, you would not have been thus grieved now; but your son has dishonoured you, as much as you honoured me. But confess the truth, did you never see any thing unpromising in that young man?

*Marcus.* I did see some faults in him, but hoped that he would mend.

*Antonius.* And you resolved to make the experiment, tho' the empire suffered by it. Had you sincerely loved your country better than your family, you would not have hazarded the public good for the sake of maintaining the grandeur of your family.

*Marcus.* To deal ingenuously with you, my design was always to prefer the empire to my son; but the love I bore him, hindered me from watching him as narrowly as I should have

have done : I doubted and flattered myself, till my hopes prevailed over my fears.

*Antonius.* How unhappy it is, that the best of men should be imperfect, and that without designing it, they should often do more mischief than can be repaired ?

*Marcus.* He was well made, skill'd in all bodily exercise, and surrounded by wise counsellors, in whom I had confided, and who were able to moderate his youth : true, he was by nature inconstant, passionate, and addicted to pleasure.

*Antonius.* Did you know no man in Rome more worthy of the empire of the world ?

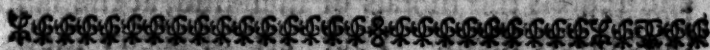
*Marcus.* I knew several, but thought that I might prefer my son, provided he was qualified for it.

*Antonius.* What then did you mean by that heroic language, when writing to Faustina, you said, that if Aridus Cassius was more worthy of the empire than you, and your family, you must suffer him to prevail, and let your family perish ? Why did not you follow those maxims, when the choice of a successor was in question ? Ought you not for the sake of your country to have preferred the worthiest ?

*Marcus.* I confess my fault ; but the wife you had given me with the empire, and whose disorders, in complaisance to you, I suffer'd, never permitted me to follow the purity of my maxims. When you gave me this wife with the empire, you committed two faults, for you made me two presents, of which the one  
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hindered me from making a good use of the other. I am loth to excuse myself, by blaming you, but you force me to it. Were you not as blind towards your daughter as I towards my son?

*Antonius.* Tho' I upbraid you with yours, I do not disown my fault; but I gave you a wife without aothority, who had nothing but the name of empress: when she behaved herself ill, you might, and ought to have been divorced according to law; at least you ought to have been above listening to such a woman: besides, she was dead when you left the empire to your son; you was sensible of his violence and inconstancy; he thought of nothing but giving public shews, shooting arrows, piercing wild beasts, and making himself as savage as they are, becoming a gladiator, going without clothes, and covering himself with a lion's skin, as Hercules did: in short, nothing but plunging himself into the most horrid vices, and indulging his suspicions and monstrous cruelty. O my son, go not about to excuse yourself; 'twas impossible that so senseless, and so wicked a man, should have deceived one of your understanding, had not your fondness prevailed over your prudence and virtue.



# DIALOGUE XLVII.

HORACE and VIRGIL.

*The characters of these two poets.*

*Virgil.* **H**OW happy and fedate we live upon the flow'ry banks of this silver stream, so near this odoriferous grove!

*Horace.* Take care, or you'll make an eclogue presently, a work unfit for a shade; behold Homer, Hesiod, and Theocritus crown'd with laurel! they hear their verses sung, but compose no more.

*Virgil.* With joy I hear that yours are still the delight of learned men, though many ages are past since they were written: you was not mistaken when in your Odes you said you could never entirely die.

*Horace.* Time indeed has not defaced my works, but I must love you as tenderly as I do, to be free from jealousy, on your account; you are placed immediately after Homer.

*Virgil.* Our muses ought not to be jealous of one another, they are so very different in their kinds. Your great beauty is your variety, your odes are sometimes soft and tender, often rapid and sublime. Your satyrs are plain, short, ingenuous, and full of salt. We find in them a true knowledge of mankind, a serious philosophy, a pleasing turn, which, as they instruct,  
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and redress the morals of mankind, at the same time divert them. Your art of poetry shews, that you had all the extent of acquired knowledge, all the strength of genius necessary for the greatest works, the epick poem, or the tragick drama.

*Horace.* And can you talk thus, who in your eclogues have made use of the natural tenderness of Theocritus? Your Georgicks are full of the most lively descriptions. You enrich and beautify all nature; and in short, the order, strength, magnificence and sublimity of Homer, appear in every line of your *Æneids*.

*Virgil.* But I followed him step by step.

*Horace.* You did not follow him in your fourth book, when you sing the loves of Dido; this whole book is an original, nor can it be denied, but that *Æneas's* descent into hell is far more beautiful than the evocation of souls in the *Odyssey*.

*Virgil.* My last books are incorrect, I did not think of leaving them so imperfect; you know I ordered that they should be burnt.

*Horace.* What pity 'twould have been! this was an excess of modesty. But we plainly see, that the author of the *Georgicks* could have finished the *Æneids* as carefully. I don't look upon this last correction, so much as upon the towering genius, the conduct of the whole work, and the strength and boldness of the strokes. To deal ingenuously with you, if any thing hinders you from equalling Homer, 'tis your being more polite, and more correct; but not

not so plain and sublime as he is: for at once he lays Nature open before our eyes.

*Virgil.* I own that sometimes I have wanted a little from Nature, to suit myself to the taste of a magnificent, nice, and polite people. Homer seems often to have forgot the reader, when he is describing Nature in her simplicity; in this I yield to him.

*Horace.* You are still the same modest Virgil, who was so backward in introducing himself in the court of Augustus. I have told you freely what I think of your works; be as free with me, and shew me the faults of mine. Do you think me incapable of acknowledging them?

*Virgil.* There are, I think, some verses in your odes that might be omitted, without prejudice to the subject, and which are something foreign to the purpose: I am sensible that extasy becomes an ode, but it is not to introduce superfluous things. In some sublime verses you shall also find words wanting, either to make the lines more harmonious, or to express the simplicity of the passions; never was man more happy in his turns, or in his words to express his meaning, with more brevity and politeness; the words whilst you use them, become new, but all is not equally smooth, there are some things I should fancy too forced.

*Horace.* No wonder that you should criticize upon their harmony, seeing that your own verss are so soft and smooth, that they force tears from the eyes.

*Virgil.* The harmony of an ode should be very different from the other, and more various than mine; and this you shewed, that you was sensible of.

*Horace.* However, I have composed but little trifling pieces. I have censured faults, and given rules for the avoiding them, but I never wrote any thing like your heroic poem.

*Virgil.* I think, dear Horace, that we have been bestowing praises upon one another a little too long; prithee let us have done.



# DIALOGUES

OF THE

## MODERN DEAD.

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### DIALOGUE I.

LEGER and EBROIM.

*A plain and solitary life has no charms for an ambitious mind.*

*Ebroim.* **T**HE greatest comfort to me, in my misfortunes, to find you in this solitude.

*Leger.* And I am sorry to find you in it; for when 'tis against our will, that we are obliged to seek a solitude, it will be of no profit to us.

*Ebroim.* But why should you despair of my conversion? your counsels and examples may mend me; and seeing that you are so charitable, can you not bestow some of your leisure hours upon me?

*Leger.* I am sent hither that I may meddle with no business, and I find it work enough to correct myself.

*Ebroim.* Have you, in entering this solitude, renounced all charity?

*Leger.* By no means, I'll pray for you.

*Ebroim.* So, I see you abandon me as a man unworthy of your instructions, but you wrong me.

me. I own I came hither against my will, but am now contented to lead this solitary life. This desert is the most beautiful I ever saw: do you not admire these rivulets, falling from the mountains; these craggy rocks, partly covered with moss; these trees, which appear as ancient as their basis, old earth itself? Nature has something frightful and savage here, but at the same time melancholy and pleasing.

*Leger.* The ambitious mind, which is still in love with the vanities of the world, has but little relish for these things: the soul must be in an innocent and peaceful state, before it can be sensible of these rural beauties.

*Ebroim.* But I was weary of the world, and its toils, when I was sent hither.

*Leger.* And yet you was sent hither by force.

*Ebroim.* I should not have had the courage to leave the world, but yet was out of conceit with it.

*Leger.* As out of conceit as you were, you would return to it with joy, and want only to find the means of doing it; I know you well, then prithee don't dissemble, but deal ingenuously with me.

*Ebroim.* And should we, holy prelate, be again at the helm of affairs, we should do an infinite deal of good. We would stand by one another to protect the virtuous, and we might easily bear down all that should oppose us.

*Leger.* You may trust yourself, as far as you please, upon the knowledge of your past experience, and flatter your passions; as for me,

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who have been here longer than you, I have had more leisure to study myself, and to mistrust both myself and the whole world; that ungrateful world, which has once deceived me, but never shall deceive me more. I have endeavoured to do it good, and in return it has done me a great deal of mischief. I have tried to assist a queen, whose intentions were good, and she has been disgraced, and forced to retire. By endeavouring to imprison me, they have set me free; I am happy now, for I have nothing to do but to die peaceably in this desert.

*Ebroim.* But remember that if we are reconciled one to another, we may again be absolute masters.

*Leger.* Of what? the seas and winds? no, I have been shipwreck'd once, and will never embark more. Do you go and seek your fortune, torment yourself, be unhappy in this life, and be cut off in the flower of your youth; to be talk'd of, and to trouble this world, be damn'd in the next: you deserve it, since you know not when you are well.

*Ebroim.* But is it true, that ambition is quite extinguished in your heart?

*Leger.* Will you believe me, if I tell you so,

*Ebroim.* I really don't know whether I should, for —

*Leger.* Well; I will not tell you so then, and I see 'tis in vain to speak to you; neither the toils of prosperity, nor the rigours of adverse fortune, have been able to mend you: go, return to court, be at the helm of affairs again, and make both the world and yourself unhappy.

## DIALOGUE II.

The prince of WALES, and RICHARD his son.

*The character of a weak prince.*

*Prince.* ALAS! my dear son, I am sorry to see you so soon again; I was in hopes that your reign would be long and happy. What is it that has hastened your death? have you been guilty of the same fault that I was, and ruined your health, by the fatigues you underwent in the war against France?

*Richard.* No, father, no, I always enjoyed my health, other misfortunes brought me to my grave.

*Prince.* Has some traitor imbrued his hands in your blood? If so, England that has not yet forgot me, will revenge your death.

*Richard.* Alas! my father, all England has joined together to dishonour, degrade, and destroy me.

*Prince.* Heavens! who would have believed it? whom can you henceforth trust? but did you do nothing to deserve their hatred? confess the truth to your father?

*Richard.* My father! they denied it, and said I was the son of a canon of Bourdeaux.

*Prince.* This is what no body can answer for; however, your mother's conduct could never inspire such a thought; but was it not yours that made them say so?

*Richard.* They said that I prayed like a canon; that

that I could not preserve my authority over the people, nor exercise justice, nor wage war.

*Prince.* And is this true? Oh! my son! it had been far better for you to have led a monk's life at Westminster, than to have been placed so contemptibly on the throne!

*Richard.* My intentions were good, I have given good examples, and have often acted with a great deal of vigour: as for instance, I had my uncle, the duke of Gloucester, taken up and executed, for rallying the malecontents, with a design to dethrone me, had I not prevented him.

*Prince.* This was a bold stroke, and probably a necessary one; for I knew my brother to be crafty, dissembling, enterprising, an enemy to lawful power, and a fit man for rallying a dangerous cabal. But had not you, my son, given them a handle against you? was the blow well weighed before you gave it? did not you droop after it?

*Richard.* The duke of Gloucester accused me of being too zealous for the French, the sworn enemies of our nation. My marriage with the daughter of Charles VI. of France, alienated the hearts of the English from me.

*Prince.* And did you make yourself suspected by your subjects, for an alliance with their inveterate enemies? what did they give you for this marriage? did you join Poictou and Touraine to Guienne, and thus unite our dominions in France, as far as Normandy?

*Richard.* No, but I thought it was necessary  
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to have a foreign ally, able to take my part against the factious English.

*Prince.* Unhappy wretch ! dishonour of the royal family ! you courted the assistance of those enemies whose interest it was to lessen your power ; you endeavoured to establish yourself on the throne, by taking measures contrary to the interest of your nation. Not satisfy'd with the love of your subjects, you wanted to be feared by them, by making alliances with their enemies to oppress them. Alas ! what are become of those happy days, when I put the king of France to flight in the plains of Cressy, satiated with the gore of 30000 French, and where I took another king of that nation, at the very gates of Poitiers ? How are those times changed ! well might they take you for a canon's son ; but who dethron'd you at last ?

*Richard.* The earl of Derby.

*Prince.* By what means ? did he gather an army together ? did he overthrow you in battle ?

*Richard.* No, a quarrel with the general had forc'd him to fly into France, there the archbishop of Canterbury went privately to him, and invited him to enter into a conspiracy ; he passed through Britany, arrived in London, whilst I was absent, and found the people ready to revolt : the greatest part of the rebels took up arms, their number amounted to 60000, I was forsaken by every body, and forced to fly to a castle, where the earl came to me, and was impudent enough to enter it almost alone ; I could easily have killed him there.

*Prince.*

*Prince.* Wretch, that thou art! why didst not do it?

*Richard.* The people that were every where up in arms would have sacrificed me.

*Prince.* And had it not been much better to die like a valiant man!

*Richard.* Besides this, an ill omen discouraged me.

*Prince.* What was it?

*Richard.* My bitch, that never used to caress any body, went immediately and fawn'd upon the earl; I was sensible of the meaning of this, and even told the earl my thoughts of the matter.

*Prince.* Prodigious folly! and thus a bitch decided thy authority, life, and honour, and even the fate of all England: but what did you do then?

*Richard.* I begg'd the earl to protect me from the fury of the incensed people.

*Prince.* To compleat your infamy, nothing was wanting but your begging your life of the usurper: however, did he give it you?

*Richard.* Yes, at first, and shut me up in the Tower, where I might have liv'd peaceably enough, had not my friends done me more mischief than my enemies; they endeavour'd to rally again, in order to deliver me out of prison, and to dethrone the usurper, who tho' he had always been unwilling to be guilty of my death, was now forc'd to get rid of me.

*Prince.* Here is a compleat misfortune; my son was weak and inconsistent, his want of virtue makes him contemptible, he enters into an alliance

ance with his enemies, and his subjects revolt ; he cannot foresee the gathering storm, but as soon as he is attack'd is discourag'd : he loses the opportunity of destroying the usurper, but, like a coward, begs his life, yet does not obtain it. O heavens! how do you mock the glory of princes, and the prosperity of states ! Is this the grandson of Edward who overcame Philip, and ravaged his kingdoms ? Is this the son of him who took king John, and made France and Spain tremble ?

### DIALOGUE III.

CHARLES VII. and JOHN DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

*Cruelty and treachery, far from lessening dangers,  
increase them.*

*Burgundy.* **N**OW, that our course is finished, and we no longer have any interest amongst the living, let us reason a little calmly : wherefore was I assassinated by your orders ? must a dauphin be guilty of so heinous a treachery to his own blood, to his cousin, who——

*Charles.* Who wou'd have turned every thing topsy turvy, and had almost ruined France. You wanted to govern me as you had govern'd the two dauphins, my brothers, before me.

*Burgundy.* But to have me assassinated, 'twas infamous.

*Charles.*

*Charles.* To assassinate was the safest way.

*Burgundy.* And that in a place to which you had drawn me by the most solemn promises. I enter'd the barrier with Noailles, (methinks I still am there) when that traitor *Tamiguy du Chastel* inhumanly murder'd us both.

*Charles.* You may declaim as long as you please, cousin, but I still stand to my first maxim; when we have to do with a man as violent and as restless as yourself, to assassinate is the safest way.

*Burgundy.* The safest! You don't think of what you say.

*Charles.* I do think of it, and say again, 'tis the safest way.

*Burgundy.* Yes, to fall into all those misfortunes into which you plunged yourself by my death. You did yourself more mischief by having me murder'd than I could have done you had I lived.

*Charles.* I can't tell that; had you lived, I must have perish'd with France.

*Burgundy.* Was it my interest to ruin France? I wou'd have govern'd, not destroy'd it; and it had been much better for you to have suffer'd some things from my jealousy and ambition. After all, I was one of your blood, pretty nearly related to the crown, and therefore 'twas my interest to maintain its grandeur. I never should have enter'd into a league against France with the English, its greatest enemies: but your treachery, and my death, forced my son, as loyal as he was, to an absolute necessity of revenging

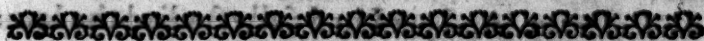
revenging me, and joining himself to the English. The fruit of your treachery was an alliance between the house of Burgundy, the queen your mother, and the English, to overturn the French monarchy; for cruelty and treachery, far from lessening dangers, will abundantly increase them; this your own experience will teach you. My death deliver'd you from one enemy, but rais'd you many more formidable, and France was reduced to a condition far more deplorable than before. Your towns were plunder'd, your provinces burnt, and your fields ravaged; nor could you be delivered from this load of woes into which my horrid murder had plung'd you, but by miracles: then come and tell me again, with such a positive air, that to assassinate is the safest way.

*Charles.* I must confess that your arguments confound me; you are grown very subtle and politick since your coming hither, but I must have recourse to fact: if to assassinate been't safe, why had you my uncle, the duke of Orleans, murder'd? you was not so great a philosopher then, I suppose, but thought as I do.

*Burgundy.* Indeed I did; but however, by the success of that you may see 'tis not safe; had I let the duke of Orleans live, you never wou'd have meditated my death: but he who begins upon such things, ought to foresee where they will end; from the very hour he undertakes any thing against the life of another, his own is in danger.

*Charles.*

*Charles.* Well, cousin, I see we are both in the wrong; I was not indeed assassinated in my turn, but involved myself in strange perplexities by your death.



DIALOGUE IV.

LEWIS IX. and CARDINAL BESSARION.

*A scholar is not fit to be at the helm of affairs, and yet much fitter than a great wit, who is an enemy to justice and honesty.*

*Lewis.* **C**ARDINAL, a good morning to you! I'll receive you with more civility to-day, than when you came in the Pope's name to see me. The adjusting of ceremonials will cause no breach between us now, the shades are all here incognito without distinction.

*Bessarion.* I have not yet forgot the injustice you did me, when at the very beginning of my speech, you took me by the beard.

*Lewis.* That Grecian beard surprised me; besides, I was willing to cut the speech short, which otherwise would have been long and tedious.

*Bessarion.* Why so? it was a very fine one, I can assure you, and composed upon the model of Isocrates, Lycias, Hyperides, and Pericles.

*Lewis.* Those are gentlemen I am not acquainted with; but you had been and paid a visit to the duke of Burgundy, my vassal, before you came

came to me: you had better have spent less time in reading the authors of other ages, and more in studying the customs of the present; you behaved yourself like a pedant, who knows nothing at all of the world.

*Bessarion.* And yet I had fully studied the laws of Draco, Solon, and Lycurgus, with those of Plato's republick: all the remains of the antient orators who have govern'd any people; and in short, the best commentators and schoolmen, who have treated of the polity of a republic.

*Lewis.* I never read any of these, but I know that a cardinal, sent by the pope, to restore the duke of Burgundy to my favour, ought not to have visited him, before he came to see me.

*Bessarion.* I thought I might have follow'd the *Hysteron Proteron* of the Greeks; and I knew that philosophy taught us, that *the first thing in intention, is the last in execution.*

*Lewis.* Let us leave your philosophy, and come to fact.

*Bessarion.* I see in you all the barbarity of the Romans, in whose minds, Greece, after the taking of Constantinople, in vain endeavour'd to implant learning, and root out ignorance.

*Lewis.* Wisdom consists in good sense, not in Greek; reason is to be met with in all languages; you ought to have observ'd more order, and placed the lord before the vassal: your Grecians were fools, if they did not know what the greatest clowns know. But I can't forbear laughing when I reflect upon your way  
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of negotiating business. When I did not approve of any of your maxims, you went to prove them by passages of Sophocles, Lycophron, and Pindar. I never should have remembered their names, had not they been quoted by you many and many a time. Did a dispute arise about any place, you came in with a verse of Menander or Callimachus. I was for continuing my alliance with the Swiflers and the duke of Lorrain, and you would prove from Plato and Gorgias, that it was not my interest so to do. I wanted to know whether the king of England would be for or against me, and you came up with the example of Epaminondas: you quite eased me of the grief I was under for not having studied. I often said within myself, happy those who are ignorant of what others say, and know what to say themselves.

*Bessarion.* The badness of your taste surprises me. I thought you had studied much; I was told that your father had given you a pretty good preceptor, and that afterwards, at the duke of Burgundy's court in Flanders, you took a great deal of delight in disputing with philosophers every day.

*Lewis.* I was very young when I left both the king my father, and my preceptor; I went to the court of Burgundy, where trouble and disquiet put me under a necessity of attending a few learned men; but I was soon weary of them; they were pedantic and crazy like yourself; they had no notion of business, were

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ignorant

ignorant of the different characters of men, could not dissemble, hold their tongues, insinuate themselves, nor enter into the passions of others; could make no shift in time of danger, nor foresee other men's designs; they were vain and indiscreet arguers, made up of words, and unpersuasive subtleties, incapable of learning how to live, and to constrain themselves: such animals are not to be borne with.

*Bassarion.* I own that scholars are not over fit for action, because they love the repose of the muses; nor can they dissemble and constrain themselves, because they are above the gross passions of mankind, and the flatteries which tyrants require.

*Lewis.* Go you pedant; bristling with your Greek, you forget the respect you owe me.

*Bassarion.* The sage, according to the Stoicks, is more a king than ever you was with all your dignity and power; you never, like the wise man, had the command of your passions. Besides this, you are nothing now but the shadow of a king, and as a shadow I am as good as yourself.

*Lewis.* Do you see the impudence of this old pedant:

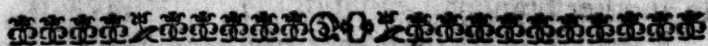
*Bassarion.* I would rather be a pedant, than a knave, and the tyrant of mankind; I never put my brother to death, or detain'd my son in prison; I never acquired any enemies by making use of poison and daggers, nor was my old age hideous, like that of the tyrants whom Greece so much detested: but we must excuse you. Tho' very subtle and lively, you had something

something of a crazed imagination ; nor did you wholly degenerate from a father who starved himself, and from a grandfather who was locked up for many years ; your son too is a little crack-brained, and it will be happy for France, if, after his death, the crown devolves to another branch.

*Lewis.* I must own that my head-piece was none of the best ; I had weak and melancholy visions, with violent passions, but at the same time I had courage, penetration, knew how to shift at any time, and was endowed with talents, that enabled me to insinuate myself in the minds of men, and to encrease my authority. I knew how to overlook an useless pedant, and to discover any useful quality in the meanest of my subjects ; even when I languish'd in my last sickness, I preserved presence of mind enough to endeavour at a peace with Maximilian ; and whilst he deferr'd concluding it, in expectation of my death, by my emissaries I made those of Ghent rise up against him, and forced him to make a peace with me, by which he gave my son his daughter Margaret in marriage, with three provinces for her dowry. This was a master-piece in politicks, just before my death, at a time when I was thought mad. Go, you old pedant, go seek your Grecians, who never had so much policy in them ; who can only read and write, but can neither act like, nor are fit to live with other men.

*Bessarion.* And yet I love a scholar who is fit

for no kind of business, and knows nothing but what he has read, far better than a disquiet, subtle, and enterprizing mind, who is an enemy to justice and humanity, and confounds all mankind.



## D I A L O G U E V.

LEWIS XI. the Cardinal *de la BALUE*.

*A wicked prince teaches his subjects to be faithless and treacherous.*

*Lewis.* **H**OW dare you, you wretch, appear before me, after having been such a traitor?

*Cardinal.* Where wou'd you have me go and hide myself? or am I not sufficiently hid in this throng of ghosts? we are all equal here.

*Lewis.* This language becomes thee well, who wert a miller's son.

*Cardinal.* To you a mean extraction was meritorious; your companion the provost Tristan, your physician Coëtier, and your barber Oliver, were your favourites and first ministers; and before my time, Janfredy had obtained the purple by your interest: my family was as good as any of theirs, I think.

*Lewis.* But none of them were such horrid traitors as you.

*Cardinal.* I can't tell that, for had they been honest,

honest, you never would have used them well, or employed them.

*Lewis.* And wherefore do you believe that I did not make choice of them for their merit?

*Cardinal.* Because you always hated and suspected merit, virtue frightened you, as you could not use it; and you employed base and groveling souls who would enter into your intrigues, your knaveries, and your cruelties. An honest man, who abhorred deceit and evil, had not been fit for you, who thought of nothing but deceiving and hurting, that you might gratify your boundless ambition. We are now in the land of truth, and to speak freely, I have been dishonest, but that was the very reason why you preferred me to other men. Did not I serve you very dexterously in mocking the nobles and the people? Did you ever meet a more supple knave, and one fitter to act every part?

*Lewis.* That's true, but tho' you deceived others in obedience to me, you ought not to have deceived me also; the pope and you were agreed together upon persuading me to abolish the Pragmatic sanction, contrary to the true interest of France.

*Cardinal.* Pish, you never cared a-pin for France, nor its true interest, but minded your own only; you wanted to make a penny of the pope, and to sell him your canons. I only served you in your own way.

*Lewis.* But 'twas you filled my head with these visionary projects, contrary to the interest

of my crown, to which my own true grandeur was join'd.

*Cardinal.* Not at all; I would have had you sold the dirty scrowl dear enough to the court of Rome: but suppose I had deceived you, what could you say to it?

*Lewis.* Say, impudence! were we amongst the living, I would put you in your cage again.

*Cardinal.* I had been there long enough; but if you grow angry, I'll hold my tongue: however, know that I do not dread the fury of the shadow of a king; or do you still fancy yourself at *Plessis-lez-Tours*, with your ruffians?

*Lewis.* 'Tis well for you that I am not there; however, the subject is new, and I am willing to hear it out: prove now, by solid arguments, that you ought to have betrayed your master.

*Cardinal.* The paradox surprises you, but I'll prove it. Must not a miller's son, who never had any education but in a court, follow those maxims which are there, by the common consent, allowed to be the best and wisest?

*Lewis.* There's some shew of reason in what you say.

*Cardinal.* But, without growing angry, answer me directly, yes or no.

*Lewis.* I cannot deny a thing that in itself seems so just, nor own it, lest the conclusions drawn from it should confound me!

*Cardinal.*

*Cardinal.* I see that I must take your silence for consent, and so I proceed; the fundamental maxim of all your counsels, was to do every thing for your own ends; you had no regard for the princes of the blood, nor for the queen, who was detained a captive at a distance from court; nor for the dauphin, who was educated in ignorance and in a prison; nor for the kingdom itself, which you ruined by your cruel politics, and to whose interests you always preferred a tyrannical power; nor did you value your favourites, or most faithful ministers, whom you employed in deceiving others. You never loved any of them, nor trusted them but in time of need; you endeavoured to deceive them, as well as the rest of the world, and would sacrifice them upon the slightest suspicion; there was not a moment's safety with you; you trifled with the lives of men, and loved no body, though you would have had every body love you. Treachery was your interest, and how could you expect to meet with true friendship, or disinterested honesty? Where could you have learnt those virtues? Did you deserve or hope to meet with them? Durst any body practise them in your court? Could any body have lived there a week together with an open and sincere heart? Was not one obliged to be a villain to obtain your favour? Whoever had a mind to preserve honour or conscience, must have got far out of your reach, on t'other side the sun; for when a man is a villain to one, he is so to

the whole world. Would you have a soul, whom you have corrupted and taught to be treacherous to the whole world, be faithful and honest to you alone? Could you be foolish enough to expect any such thing, or think they would not behave themselves towards you as you towards them? Nay, had they been honest and sincere to other men, you would have taught them to have become villains to you. Who then could have learnt any principle with you, but that of knavery? You would have despised a man that had any interest at heart but his own; I did not care to incur your scorn, and rather chose to deceive you, than to be accounted a fool by you.

*Lewis.* I own that your argument confounds me; but wherefore did you enter into a league with the duke of Guienne, my brother, and my worst of enemies, the duke of Burgundy?

*Cardinal.* Because they were your most dangerous enemies, and therefore I formed an alliance with them, that I might be protected, in case you should attempt my death: I knew that you would believe that I betrayed you, whether or no you had any grounds for your belief; I therefore rather chose to betray you for my own safety, than to perish upon the suspicion of it, without doing it. In short, I followed your maxims, made myself valued by both parties, and got a reward for my services in a time of need, which you never would have willingly given me, when you did not want

want me. This is what an ungrateful, mistrusting, treacherous prince, who loves no body but himself, must expect from his ministers.

*Lewis.* And the traitor that sells his king must meet with your fate; the dignity of cardinal protects him from death, but he is shut up in a prison for eleven years, and stripped of all his ill-gotten wealth.

*Cardinal.* My only fault was not deceiving you with caution enough, by suffering my letters to be intercepted. Had I the same opportunity again, I would again deceive you as you deserved, but so subtilly, that you never should discover me.

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## DIALOGUE VI.

LEWIS XI. and PHILIP DE COMINES.

*The crimes and weakness of a king can never be concealed.*

*Lewis.* **T**HEY say that you have written the history of my life.

*Philip.* Yes, Sir, and spoke of you as a loyal servant should do.

*Lewis.* But they tell me that you have mentioned several things which might have as well been omitted.

*Philip.* Probably I have, but take it in general, the picture I drew of you was very much to

to your advantage: would you, instead of an historian, have made me an eternal flatterer?

*Lewis.* You should have spoken of me, as a subject loaded with the favours of his master.

*Philip.* And so have been believed by no body: gratitude is what we do not look for in an historian, far from it, it would make us suspect him.

*Lewis.* Why, are there people, who have such an itching to writing? we should not disturb the dead, or endeavour to blacken their memories.

*Philip.* Yours was strangely blackened, and I endeavoured to soften the impressions already made on the minds of men; I mentioned all your good qualities, and endeavoured to clear you of the odious crimes you were accused of: what more could I do?

*Lewis.* Or hold your tongue, or clear me in every thing; they say you represented all my grimaces, all my distortions of body, when I was talking alone; all my intrigues with mean people; you have exposed my familiarity with my provost, my physician, my barber, and my taylor: they say too that you have not forgotten my superstition, even in my last days, my eagerness in gathering relics together; my being rubbed from head to foot with holy oil, and going a pilgrimaging, to which I always attributed my cures. You have taken notice of our lady of lead, which I was always wont to kiss, when I had formed some bad design; and the cross of St. Lo, by which I never durst swear  
without

without keeping my oath, for fear of dying within the year; all this is very ridiculous stuff.

*Philip* But is not all this true?

*Lewis* What if it be, you need not have mentioned it.

*Philip* You might then have left it undone.

*Lewis* But as it was done, you might have hid it.

*Philip* When once done, it could not be hid from posterity.

*Lewis* What, cannot some certain things be concealed?

*Philip* And do you think that the actions of a powerful king can be concealed after death, as his intrigues are during his life-time? My silence would not have excused you, but would have dishonoured me; be satisfied with this, I could have said much worse of you, and been believed, yet refused to do it.

*Lewis* And ought not history to respect the memory of kings?

*Philip* Kings ought to respect history, and posterity, whose censure they never can escape. Those who would not be spoke ill of have but one remedy left, to behave themselves well.

## DIALOGUE VII.

LEWIS XI. CHARLES duke of Burgundy.

*Wicked men, who have no notion of virtue, are mistrustful of, and deceive others, till they are deceived themselves.*

*Lewis.* I AM sorry, cousin, for the misfortunes which happened to you.

*Charles.* You were the occasion of them, by deceiving me.

*Lewis.* It was your pride and passions that deceived you; have you forgotten the notice I gave you of a man's offering me to slay you?

*Charles.* I could not believe it, for I fancied, that had the thing been true, you would not have been honest enough to have given me notice of it, but took it for an invention of yours to make me suspect all those who were about me; this treachery was suitable to your character, nor did I wrong you much by believing you guilty of it: who would not have been deceived in you, when you shewed yourself good and sincere?

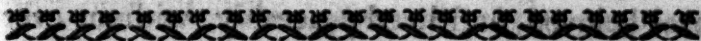
*Lewis.* I confess that it was not very safe to trust to my sincerity, and yet it had been better for you to confide in me, than in that traitor Campobache, who sold you for six thousand crowns.

*Charles.* Since policy is out of season in Pluto's dominions, I will speak freely to you; we were

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were both wrong in our maxims, and neither of us had any notion of virtue: in this state we often suspected and persecuted just and honest men, and then we were under a necessity of delivering ourselves up to the first comer; and this first comer is generally a villain, who by his flattery insinuates himself. However, in the main my temper was much better than yours; true, I was hasty and something fierce, but I was not like you, cruel and deceitful. Do you remember the conference in which you acknowledged that I had all the gentleman in me, in which I made you of the same opinion I had before made the bishop of Narbonne?

*Lewis.* Flattery all; spoken with a design to amuse you and to take you off from the other chiefs of this league, for the common good; I was sensible that whilst I praised you, I might bubble you.



## D I A L O G U E VIII.

LEWIS XI. LEWIS XII.

*Generosity and honesty are surer maxims in polity,  
than cruelty and cunning.*

*Lewis XI.* **I**F I am not mistaken, that is one of my successors; though shades lose all their majesty, yet I fancy this to have been a king of France, he talks French, and the other shades pay him a great deal of respect:

spect : will you be so kind as to tell me who you are?

*Lewis XII.* The duke of Orleans, afterwards king, under the name of Lewis XII.

*Lewis XI.* How did you govern my kingdom?

*Lewis XII.* By ways far different from yours? you were feared, I beloved? you burdened, I eased the French, and preferred their repose to the glory of conquering my enemies.

*Lewis XI.* You were ignorant, I see, of the art of reigning; I left my successors a boundless authority, I broke the leagues of princes and noblemen, I raised immense sums of money, and discovered the secrets of others, yet always concealed my own. Subtlety, haughtiness, and severity, are the true maxims for governing; I am very much afraid that by your softness, you have ruined my whole work.

*Lewis XII.* The success of my maxims have shewn that yours were false and destructive. I was beloved, and lived peaceably, without ever forfeiting my word, without imbruing my hands in blood, and without ruining my people: your memory is odious, mine respected; during my life-time they were loyal to me, and after my death they deplored my loss, and feared that they never should meet so good a king; when generosity and honesty have such good success, we ought to condemn cruelty and cunning.

*Lewis XI.* A fine way of reasoning this, which doubtless you learnt in that tedious prison,

son, where, they tell me, you languished before your ascending the throne.

*Lewis XII.* This imprisonment was not so shameful as yours of Peronne. Of what service are subtlety and deceit, if we are taken by our enemies at last? When we are honest and sincere, we are not exposed to such dangers.

*Lewis XI.* But my cunning delivered me out of the hands of the duke of Burgundy.

*Lewis XII.* You delivered yourself by corrupting his servants with your money, and by shamefully following him to the destruction of your allies, the people of Liege, whose ruin you were obliged to go and see.

*Lewis XI.* Have you extended the limits of the kingdom as I did? Have you re-united the dutchy of Burgundy, the county of Provence, and even Guienne itself to the crown.

*Lewis XII.* I understand you, you knew how to get rid of a brother that you might inherit what he had: you took advantage of the duke of Burgundy's misfortune, and bribed the counsellor of the count of Provence, that you might succeed him. For my part, I am satisfied with having got Britany, and that by a marriage with the lawful heiress of that house, with whom I was in love, and whom, after the death of your son, I espoused. Nor was I so desirous of acquiring new subjects, as I was of making those whom I already had, loyal and happy; and by the wars of Naples and Milan, I have been made sensible how prejudicial distant conquests are to a state.

*Lewis.*

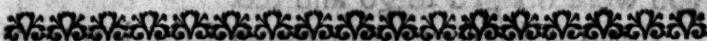
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*Lewis XI.* I see you had neither genius nor ambition.

*Lewis XII.* I had none of that false and deceitful genius which had cried you down so much, and was void of that ambition which makes it honourable to despise justice and sincerity.

*Lewis XI.* You talk too much.

*Lewis XII.* It was you who often talked too much. Have you forgotten the Bourdeaux merchant settled in England, or king Edward, whom you invited to Paris? Farewel.



D I A L O G U E IX.

The constable of BOURBON, and BAYARD.  
*'Tis not lawful for us to take up arms against our own country.*

*Constable.* I S not that Bayard whom I see stretch'd on the grass, beneath that oak? 'tis he himself, wounded thro' the body; alas! I pity him! Vandenesse and he both perish by our arms to-day; two men, whose courage was the ornament of the French: my heart is griev'd for my country, let me draw near him; alas poor Bayard! with grief I see thee in this condition.

*Bayard.* And with grief I see you.

*Constable.*

*Constable.* I know thou art sorry, that the chance of war has made thee fall into my hands; but far from using you like a prisoner, I'll use you like a friend, and take as much care of your recovery, as I would of my brother's; why then do you grieve to see me?

*Bayard.* I am sorry to be beholden to the greatest enemy of France for any thing; for do not imagine that either my wound, or captivity grieve me; I shall not long be a captive, death will instantly set me free.

*Constable.* Dear Bayard! I hope there's no such danger, but that our cares of thee may meet with their desired success.

*Bayard.* I desire it not, but am contented to die.

*Constable.* And can you not be comforted at your ill fortune? consider her inconstancy; to-day is ours, to-morrow may be yours. Your glory is already fully established, the Imperialists never will forget the vigorous defence of Meziere against them.

*Bayard.* And I never can forget that you are the greatest constable, a prince of the most noble blood in the world, who is now endeavouring with his own hands to destroy his country, and to ruin the kingdom of his ancestors.

*Constable.* Do you condemn me, Bayard, whilst I praise you? insult me, whilst I pity?

*Bayard.* I return your pity, and think you need it most. I die without fallying my honour, esteem'd by the enemies, regretted by

the friends of France. My life is sacrific'd to my duty, my country, and my king; I think my condition more worthy of envy than of pity.

*Constable.* And I have conquer'd an enemy that has injur'd me, drove him out of the Milanese, and made all France sensible of her fault in losing me; and am I to be pitied?

*Bayard.* Every man is, who acts against his duty; 'tis far more glorious to die for our country, than to triumph over it: how horrid is the glory of him, who destroys his own country?

*Constable.* But after the services I had done my country, it prov'd ungrateful; the dutchess of Orleans, through a rage of love, had me ill us'd by the king, who was weak enough to deal most unjustly by me. I was not only stript of what I had, but depriv'd of my most faithful servant, and to save my life, forced to fly away almost alone; what would you have had me done?

*Bayard.* Have suffer'd any thing, rather than have betray'd France, and the honour of your house. If the persecution was too violent, you might have fled, but it would have been far better to have remain'd poor, unknown, and uselefs, than to have taken up arms against us: your poverty and your exile wou'd have made your glory compleat.

*Constable.* But don't you see that revenge induc'd me more to this, than ambition; I wanted to make the king of France repent of the evil he had done me.

*Bayard.*

*Bayard.* That you should have done by your unexampled patience, which is as much the virtue of a hero as courage.

*Constable.* But did the king, who was so unjust, and so blinded by his mother, deserve that I should have such regards for him.

*Bayard.* If the king did not, France did, as well as the dignity of the crown, of whose heirs you were one; you ought to have spared that country whose king you might probably have one day become.

*Constable.* Well, I confess myself in the wrong; but you know how difficult it is to the most generous souls to stifle their resentments.

*Bayard.* I do so; but true courage consists in stifling them. If you see your fault, make haste to mend it; as for me, I die, and in my sufferings think myself happier than you in your prosperity: tho' the emperor should not deceive you, tho' he should give you his sister to wife, and with you divide France, he could never wash out the stain of your life. Shame and confusion! the constable of Bourbon a rebel! Hear what dying Bayard says to you, who, as during his life-time, at his death speaks with truth and sincerity.

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DIALOGUE X.

LEWIS XII. and FRANCIS I.

*A king had far better be the father of his country, by governing his kingdom peaceably, than be a great conqueror.*

Lewis. **D**EAR cousin, tell me some news from France, I always loved my subjects as if they had been my own children, and I am under a great concern for them now; for when I left you the crown, I left you young every manner of way. How have you governed my poor kingdom?

Francis. I have met with some misfortunes; but to deal freely with you, my reign has made France far more splendid than yours.

Lewis. Gods! 'twas this splendor I always feared; from your infancy I dreaded that you would exhaust the treasury, hazard every thing in war, bear nothing patiently, but destroy all order in the state to be talked of.

Francis. Old folks are always thus prejudiced against their successors; but let me tell you, I maintained a horrid war against Charles V. emperor of Germany and king of Spain. In Italy I gained two famous victories, the one at Melignano, against the Swiflers, the other at Cerifoles, against the Imperialists: I have seen the emperor and the king of England join their forces together against France, yet all their attempts prove fruitless. I cultivated  
the

the sciences, have deserved to be immortalized by all men of letters, restored the Augustan age, made my court magnificent, polite, learned and gallant. Before my time, every thing was rough, poor, ignorant, and truly Gaul: in short, I have acquired the name of the father of learning.

*Lewis.* All this is fine, nor will I now endeavour to cry it down: but I should have rather chose to be called the father of my people, than the father of learning: however, did you leave peace and plenty to the French?

*Francis.* No; but my son is young, able to carry on the war: and his business it must be at last to ease the exhausted people: you spared them indeed more than I did; but then you carried your war but very faintly on.

*Lewis.* What great success have you had in it? What conquests have you made? you took Naples, I suppose?

*Francis.* No, my expeditions were another way.

*Lewis.* At least you maintained yourself in the possession of the Milanese?

*Francis.* Some unforeseen accidents unluckily beset me.

*Lewis.* What accidents? Has the emperor Charles taken it from you then? Have you lost some battle? you dare not answer me.

*Francis.* I was taken myself at the battle of Pavia.

*Lewis.* Taken! alas! How many misfortunes have your evil counsels plung'd you into!

And is it thus you have outdone me in your wars? You have sunk France into the same misfortunes she laboured under in the time of king John. O France, France, I pitied thee when I foresaw this—— Well; and you were obliged to give whole provinces, and to pay immense sums of money for your ransom. This is what your rashness, pomp, haughtiness, and ambition are come to. But as to the laws and courts of justice, how did you leave them?

*Francis.* They stood me in great stead, for I sold all the offices.

*Lewis.* And the judges, to reimburse themselves, must sell their sentences. But was all this money you raised upon the people well employed, in levying and maintaining an army with œconomy?

*Francis.* Part of it was employed in making the court magnificent.

*Lewis.* I'll hold a good wager that your mistresses had a greater share of it than the best officers of the army; and now the people are ruined, a war must be carried on, justice is sold, the court exposed to all the follies of gallant women, and the whole state in a miserable condition. And this is the splendid reign which has effaced mine: had you used a little more moderation, you would have been far more honourable.

*Francis.* But I have done several great actions, for which I was deem'd a hero, and used to be called the great king Francis.

*Lewis.*

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*Lewis.* That is, you have been flattered for your money, and you would be a hero at the expence of the state, whose prosperity should have been your greatest glory.

*Francis.* The praises bestowed upon me were sincere.

*Lewis.* And is there any prince, be he ever so weak and so corrupt, but what has been praised as much as you? the most unworthy monarch will be extolled as much as ever you were: and can you then think it worth while to purchase praise at the price of so much blood, and such sums of money as have ruined your kingdom?

*Francis.* At least I have the honour of having borne my misfortunes with constancy and courage.

*Lewis.* 'Twould have been much better for you to have wanted an opportunity of shewing this courage: that piece of heroism cost the people dear: but did not the hero grow weary of his prison?

*Francis.* Yes indeed, and my liberty cost me very dear.

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## D I A L O G U E X I.

CHARLES V. and a Young Monk.

*Our uneasiness often obliges us to seek solitude, which people who are accustomed to the noise and hurry of the world can never relish.*

*Charles.* **C**OME, brother, 'tis time to rise; you sleep too long for a young novice,

novice, who ought to be zealous and fervent,

*Monk.* When would you have me sleep, but whilst I am young? sleep is not inconsistent with zeal.

*Charles.* But when people love the service, they are soon awakened.

*Monk.* Yes, at your majesty's age, but at mine people can sleep without a feather-bed.

*Charles.* Well then, brother, it belongs to people of my age to awaken those who oversleep themselves.

*Monk.* And can you find no better employment? After having disturbed the repose of the whole world, can you not leave me to mine?

*Charles.* I think that in this solitude we enjoy repose enough, though we should rise betimes.

*Monk.* Your majesty rather means, that when you rise betimes, you think the day long, you were accustomed to more noise than you have here; confess it freely, sir, you are weary of having nothing to do but to say your prayers, wind up your clocks, and awake poor novices who are not guilty of your uneasiness.

*Charles.* I have twelve servants here whom I have retained.

*Monk.* A poor conversation theirs, for a man who corresponded with the whole world.

*Charles.* I have a little horse to ride upon in this beautiful valley, adorned with orange, myrrh, pomegranate, and laurel-trees, round which

which there grow so many pretty flowers, and in which so many bleating flocks are grazing.

*Monk.* All these are fine things, but none of them talk; you want a little noise and hurry.

*Charles.* I have a pension of a hundred thousand crowns.

*Monk.* And poorly paid; the king your son, takes but little care of you.

*Charles.* We soon forget those, who, for our sakes, have stript and degraded themselves.

*Monk.* Did not you expect this, when you resigned your crown?

*Charles.* I foresaw what would happen.

*Monk.* If you expected it, why are you surprised at it when it happens? Keep to your first resolution, renounce every thing, forget every thing, desire nothing, enjoy your rest, and let others enjoy it.

*Charles.* But my son has made no good use of the victory he obtained at St. Quintin, he should by this time have been before the gates of Paris. The chevalier d'Egmont has gained another victory for him at Cravelling, but he loses all advantages. Calais is retaken from the English by the duke of Guise; the same duke has also taken Thionville to secure Metz: my son governs very poorly, he despises my counsels, takes no care about paying my pension, contemns my conduct, and the faithful servants whom I had employed; all this vexes and disquiets me.

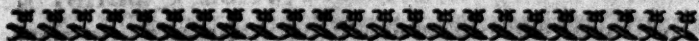
*Monk.* And did you come to seek repose in this solitude, only upon condition that the king

king your son should gain victories, follow your counsels, and execute all your projects?

*Charles.* No; but I was in hopes he would behave himself better than he does.

*Monk.* As you abandoned every thing for the sake of tranquillity, enjoy it, happen what will; and let the king your son behave himself as he pleases, but let not your peace depend upon his behaviour. You left the world that you might be freed from its cares; but I am afraid you scarce knew what solitude was, when you came to seek it, but your disquiets forced you to come and look for some repose here.

*Charles.* Alas, my child, you are very much in the right on't, and I heartily wish that you may'nt be mistaken in your design, when you renounced the world, to come and be a novice here.



## DIALOGUE XII.

CHARLES V. FRANCIS I.

*Justice, and happiness consist in honesty, courage,  
and uprightness.*

*Charles.* **T**HE business of life is now over, and 'twould be but reasonable that we should come to an eclaircissement, upon the disquiets we have caused one another.

*Francis.*

*Francis.* You have dealt very unjustly and deceitfully by me, who never did you any hurt, but in fair and open war; but you, during my imprisonment, withdrew the allegiance of the inhabitants of Flanders from me, the vassal employed force to give laws to his master.

*Charles.* You had the liberty of not renouncing your title, if you pleased.

*Francis.* Has any man his liberty in prison?

*Charles.* Cowards have not, but the valiant are at liberty every where: had I asked you to resign your crown, would the disquiet of your prison have forced you to do it?

*Francis.* I would rather have chosen to die, than have been guilty of so base an action: as for the dependance of Flanders, I resigned it to you through disquiet, through a fear of being poisoned, through a desire of seeing my country again, where my presence was very much wanted; and in short, through an impatience of recovering my health, and saving myself from approaching death; and I really believe I should have died, had not my sister come to me.

*Charles.* Not only a brave king, but a true soldier, would rather chuse to die than give his word where he was not fully determined, happen what will, to keep it; nothing is so shameful, as to have it said of one, he had not courage enough to bear adversity, but delivered himself by false promises. Had you been fully persuaded that it was not lawful for  
you

you to sacrifice your states for your own liberty, you ought to have resolved upon dying in prison, have sent your subjects word that they should no longer reckon upon you, but crown your son, and you would then have confounded me indeed. A prisoner that has courage enough to do this sets himself at liberty even in his prison, and escapes out of the hands of those who detain him.

*Francis.* These maxims are true, and I must confess that disquiet and impatience made me promise things directly contrary to the interest of my dominions, and which I could neither justly execute, nor honourably avoid. But how can you upbraid me with breach of promise, whose whole life was one continued scene of treachery; besides, this my weakness is no excuse for you. I own that a valiant man will rather chuse to die, than to promise any thing he can't perform; but a just man will never take advantage of another's weakness to extort a promise from him, during his captivity, which he could not, nor ought not in justice to perform. What wou'd you have done, had I detained you in France, when, a little after my imprisonment, you passed through it in your way to the Low Countries? I could have insisted upon your yielding up the Milanese and Low Countries, which you had usurped.

*Charles.* I had your promise that I should pass safely through France, you had not mine when you came into Spain.

*Francis.*

*Francis.* I had not, and so far the difference, I confess, is great; but as you had dealt unjustly by me whilst in prison, and forced me to sign a very disadvantageous treaty, I might have repaired this wrong, by forcing you to sign one more just: besides, I might have detained you till you had restored me the Milanese, which was lawfully my own.

*Charles.* Hold, if you please; you join several things together, which I must separate: I never broke my word to you at Madrid, but you would have broken yours to me at Paris, had you stopt me under any pretence of restitution, though ever so just. It was your business to have refused me a passage till I had signed the preliminaries of this restitution; but as you never had asked any such thing of me, you could not require it when I was in France, without violating your promise. Besides, do you think it lawful to repel fraud by fraud? If one deceit should occasion another, there would be no depending on any thing amongst mankind, and the fatal consequences of it would be endless. The safest way of revenging yourself upon the deceitful, is to repel all his stratagems, without deceiving him.

*Francis.* A fine philosophical maxim! this is downright Platonism: but I see that you managed matters much more subtilly than I did: and I was in the wrong when I trusted you: but here the great constable Montmorency helped to deceive me, by persuading me

me that I ought to outdo you in point of honour, and exact no conditions from you. You had already promised that you would invest the duchy of Milan in the youngest of my three sons; but after your passage through France, you withdrew your promise. Had I not hearkened to Montmorency, I would have made you restore that duchy, before I permitted you to go into the Low Countries. I never could forgive my favourite this piece of bad counsel, and I drove him from court for it.

*Charles.* Rather than to have restored the Milanese, I wou'd have crossed the sea.

*Francis.* Your own health, the season of the year, and the danger of the voyage, would not have permitted you to do that: but wherefore did you so basely mock me before the face of all Europe, and abuse my generous hospitality?

*Charles.* I would have given the duchy of Milan to your third son; and a duke of Milan of the house of France could not have hurt me more than any other prince of Italy; but you wanted it to be invested in your second son, and he was too near the crown, no body being between them but the dauphin, who died: so that the king of France would soon have been duke of Milan, and by that means all Italy enslaved.

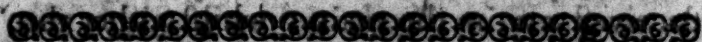
*Francis.* One slavery would have been as good as another, and had it not been much better to have restored the Milanese to its lawful master, than to have retained it without the

the least appearance of right? The French, who had not a foot of land in Italy, could not so much endanger the public liberty by possessing the Milanese, as the house of Austria, which possess'd Naples, and all the fiefs dependant on the empire in that country. To deal sincerely with you, this was our chief difference: you had formalities on your side, but deceived me in the main; whilst either thro' weakness, impatience, or lightness, I never was cautious enough of you, nor took care that any formality shou'd be on my side; so that you was the real deceiver, whilst I was only such in appearance: my faults have been punished in the commission of them. I hope that your son's false politicks will revenge me on you for your unjust ambition; he forced you to strip and degrade yourself during your life-time, and you died miserable, though you once aimed at enslaving Europe. This son will finish the work; his jealousy and distrust will suppress the ambition and virtue of the Spaniards; there never will be a great general, a towering genius, or good polity amongst the people; and Spain pressed down by its own weight, will fall, and nothing of it remain but a monument of the vanity of fortune. A little state united in itself, whose polity is good, and its people industrious, governed by good laws, and by a prince who executes justice himself, and goes in person to his wars, is far more happy than the monarchy which has no good chiefs: if you can't

believe

believe what I say of the matter, wait patiently for the coming of some of our grand-children, and they will better inform you.

*Charles.* Alas! I am but too sensible of the truth of your prediction; 'twas this foresight that made me quit the empire, and disquieted me even in my solitary retirement.



### DIALOGUE XIII.

HENRY III. the Dutches of MONTPENSIER.

*Henry.* A Good day to you, cousin: I hope we are friends now after death.

*Dutcheſs.* By no means, I never can forgive you all your massacres, and the blood of our family, which you so cruelly have shed.

*Henry.* You upbraid me with things which did you less mischief than your confederacy in Paris did me; but let us set the one over against the other, and be friends.

*Dutcheſs.* I never must be friends with a man who counselled the horrid massacre of Blois.

*Henry.* The duke of Guise reduced me to a necessity of doing it. Have you forgotten the time when he king'd it in Paris, and drove me from the Louvre? I was obliged to save myself through the Thuilleries, and the convent of the Feuillants.

*Dutcheſs.* But by the mediation of the queen mother he had been reconciled to you. They say that you received the sacrament together,

at

at which time you broke a host between you, and then swore you would defend him.

*Henry.* My enemies have advanced many other things without ground, to give their league a sanction; but had not your brother been sacrificed, I could not safely have reigned.

*Dutchess.* That is, you could not reign without deceiving and butchering people, the most improper means of establishing your authority. But wherefore did you sign, and make every body sign the union with the states of Blois? The noblest way would have been to have resisted with courage. Royalty should always continue true to reason, and resolve to be obeyed.

*Henry.* But I was obliged to oppose cunning and policy to open force.

*Dutchess.* You wanted to sooth both the Huguenots, and Catholicks; and instead of that, you made yourself contemptible to both parties.

*Henry.* I never did endeavour to sooth the Huguenots.

*Dutchess.* Their frequent conferences with the queen, and the care you took to flatter them, every time you wanted to counterbalance the union party, made you suspected by all the catholicks.

*Henry.* But did I not, upon all occasions, endeavour to shew my zeal for religion?

*Dutchess.* Yes, by a thousand ridiculous grimaces, which were belied by as many scandalous actions: Shrove-Tuesdays you were at the masquerades, and Ash-Wednesdays at processions,

ons, covered with sackloath, and a whip in your hand ; round your waist hung your beads an ell long, and made of little death's heads, and round your neck a basket filled with little spaniel-dogs, whose maintenance stood you in a hundred thousand crowns a year. One part of your life was spent in vows, pilgrimages, and devotions ; the other with your minions, and in the study of the magic arts, and Machiavel's politics ; one while running after holy anchorets, at another time feasting with your minions, where you was waited upon by naked and dishevelled women. How gross these contradictions ! for this reason they say that your physician declared that this black humour, which was the occasion of so many whims, would shortly either kill you or make you run mad.

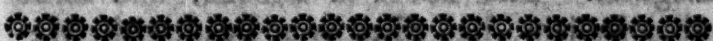
*Henry.* This art was necessary for the soothing of men's minds ; with the godly I was pious, with the debauched addicted to pleasure.

*Dutchess.* This made people say that you was fit for nothing, but to have your crown shaved, and be made a monk of ; for know, that your weakness, dissimulation, and hypocrisy, was far from soothing them.

*Henry.* I was forced to try all means, when I found so many ready to revolt.

*Dutchess.* Behold your cousin the king of Navarre, and see the difference between you. You found your kingdom entirely in subjection, and you have left it involved in a civil war. He, without dissembling, butchering, or playing the hypocrite, has subdued the whole

kingdom, which refused to acknowledge him: he has kept the Huguenots, faithful to him, even in abjuring their religion, has won all the Roman catholicks, and broke the powerful confederacy. I Farewel.



DIALOGUE XIV.

HENRY III. and HENRY IV.

*III.* **W**ELL, cousin, you are fallen into the same misfortunes as I fell into.

*IV.* My death has been violent, as well as yours, but then you have been regretted by nobody but your minions, and by them only on account of the riches you used to bestow so lavishly upon them: but as for me, my loss has been deplored by all France, as that of a general father. In after-ages I shall be proposed as the model of a good and wise king; I began to establish peace, plenty, and good order in the kingdom.

*III.* When I was slain at St. Cloud, I had already broken the confederacy, Paris itself was ready to yield; and I should soon have recovered my former authority.

*IV.* But how would you have recovered your lost reputation if you were accounted a deceitful, hypocritical, impious, effeminate man. When we have once lost the name of honesty, our authority is never very safely grounded: You had got rid of the two Guises

Re 2 how to be known as at

at Blois, but never could get rid of all those who abhorred your deceits.

*III.* And don't you know that the art of dissembling is the art of reigning?

*IV.* Fine maxims! instilled, I suppose, by Duguaft. The abbot of Elbene, and some other Italians, had filled your head with Machiavel's politics: the queen your mother educated you in such-like notions, but had soon cause to repent it, for she taught you to be unnatural; and, as she deserved, you proved unnatural to her.

*III.* But how can we act sincerely, and confide in men, seeing that they all are dissembling and corrupted?

*IV.* Because you never was conversant with, or sought after honest men, they shunned you, and you thought there were no such in the world; you wanted only villains who could invent new pleasures, execute the greatest villainies, and never remind you of that religion and charity which you were always violating. As for my part, I found honest men, and employed them in my council as well as in foreign negotiations, and offices; such were Sully, Jeannin, Oflat, and others.

*III.* Would we believe you, you would persuade us that you were a Cato; whereas we all know that your youth was as irregular as mine.

*IV.* My love for women, I must confess, was intolerable; but in all my disorders I never was deceitful, wicked, or impious, I could only be accused of weakness: but my misfortunes

tunes proved my greatest friends, for I was naturally lazy and addicted to pleasure; had I been born to the throne, I should have dishonoured myself; but having my own kingdom, and a great deal of adverse fortune to overcome, I was obliged to soar even above myself.

*III.* How many opportunities of overcoming your enemies did you lose, when, on the banks of the Garonne, you were fighting for the countess of Guiche, and looked like Hercules handling a distaff for the sake of Omphale?

*IV.* I cannot deny it, but then Coutras, Yvry, Arques, and Fontaine, make some amends for this.

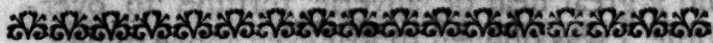
*III.* Did not I win the battle of Jarnac and Moncontour?

*IV.* Yes; but Henry III. did not answer the hopes that had been formed of the duke of Anjou, whereas Henry IV. excelled the king of Navarre.

*III.* Then you think I never heard any mention made of the Dutchess of Beaufort, of the marchioness of Verneville, of —? but there are so many of them, I can't reckon them all up.

*IV.* I deny none of them, but yet I made myself beloved and feared; I abhorred that cruel and deceitful policy with which your mind was poisoned, and which occasioned all your misfortunes. I carried the war vigorously on, concluded a lasting peace with my enemies abroad, put the kingdom into a polite and flourishing condition, reduced the nobles, and even the most insolent favourites to obedience:

and this without deceiving, butchering, or dealing unjustly by any one, but always confiding in honest men, and placing all my glory in easing my people.



## D I A L O G U E X V.

HENRY IV. the Duke of MAYENNE.

*Adverse fortune makes kings good, and heroes great.*

Henry. **I** Have forgot all that is past, cousin, and am now glad to see you.

Mayenne. Your majesty is too kind in passing over my faults thus, there is nothing but what I would willingly do to efface the memory of them.

Henry. The walk between these two canals seems pleasant, let us go into it, and as we walk we'll talk of business.

Mayenne. With joy I will follow your majesty.

Henry. Well, cousin, I am no longer that poor Bernese, whom you was for driving out of the kingdom: do you remember the time when we were at Arques, and you sent word to Paris that you had drove me to the sea-side, and there was no means of escaping left for me, but by plunging into the waters?

Mayenne. True, I did; but at the same time it is also true, that you were about to submit to your adverse fortune, and fly into England, had not Biron made you sensible of the consequences of such a flight.

*Henry.* You speak with freedom, cousin; but I am far from being offended at it; go on, and with the same freedom say whatever you think fit.

*Mayenne* I have perhaps already said too much, kings do not love to hear things named by their right names; they are used to be flatter'd: that honest freedom with which we speak to other men, is offensive to them, and they would not have a word utter'd but in their praise and admiration; we must not use them like men; but always say that they are heroes.

*Henry.* You speak so knowingly of this matter, that you must have experienced it; thus probably you were flatter'd and ador'd whilst king of Paris.

*Mayenne.* I confess I have been amused by vain flatteries, which have filled me with false hopes, and made me commit some very great faults.

*Henry.* As for my part, I was instructed by my adverse fortune; her lessons are indeed severe, but this impression of them I shall retain all my life long, to be able to hear the truth spoken of myself: therefore, if you love me, speak it freely, cousin.

*Mayenne.* All our mistakes proceeded from the idea we had formed of you: during your younger days, we knew that you were always hankering after women, that the countess de Guiche had made you lose all the advantages you had gain'd at the battle of Coutras; that you were jealous of your cousin the prince of

Conde, whose genius and virtues were great, because he was more sedate, and more applied to business than yourself. We look'd on you as a soft, effeminate man, whom the queen-mother had deceived by a thousand love-intrigues, and who at the time of the St. Bartholomew business, had changed your religion, and done every thing that was required of you, who, even after the conspiracy of Mole, had submitted to all that the court had insisted upon, and that we should have a cheap bargain of you—But really, sir, I can't go on, I'm out of breath, and all over of a sweat; your majesty is as thin and light as I am fat and heavy.

*Henry* I own, cousin, I endeavour'd to tire you, but 'tis the only mischief I'll do you during my whole life; pray make an end of what you had begun.

*Mayenne.* You surprized us very much, when, night and day on horseback, you perform'd several great actions with incredible vigour and diligence, as at Cahors, Lause, Arques, Yvry, before Paris, at Arnay-le-duc and Fontaine. You gain'd the confidence of the Catholics, without losing that of the Huguenots; you made choice of people capable of the employments, and worthy of your trust; you consulted 'em without jealousy, made use of their good counsels without being governed by any of them, prevented us every where, and in short became quite another man, steady, vigilant, and laborious.

*Henry.*

*Henry.* I see that all these bold truths you were to utter, end in praises; but as I just now said, I am beholden to my adverse fortune for all this. Had I been born to the throne, surrounded with pomp, flatteries, and pleasure, I shou'd have sunk away in pleasing dreams, for I was by nature inclined to effeminacy; but I saw what the consequence of my faults would be; I must constrain, amend, and overcome myself, profit by my own faults, and follow good counsels. This is what was the making of me and must be so of every man.

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DIALOGUE XVI.

HENRY IV. SIXTUS V.

*Let their interests be ever so opposite, great men love and esteem one another.*

*Sixtus.* I Have for this great while been desirous of seeing you, but whilst we were both alive the thing was scarce practicable; the fashion of popes and kings conferring together was out of date in our time: this was fit for Leo X. and Francis I. who met at Bologna, and for Clement VII. who met the same king at Marseilles, on account of the marriage of Catherina de Medicis. I should have been overjoyed to have such a conference with you, but I was not at liberty, nor would your religion have permitted me to do it.

*Henry.* So, you are very much softened;  
death,

death, I see, has reduced you to reason: but your sentiments towards me were not the same whilst I was a poor excommunicated Bernese.

*Sixtus.* I'll open my mind freely to you now; I thought my business done if I could reduce you to the greatest straits: by this means I had confounded your predecessor, and made him dearly repent his having sacrificed a cardinal; had the duke of Guise only been put to death, he would have come much cheaper off; but to touch the sacred purple was an unpardonable crime, nor could I put up an action whose consequences might prove so dangerous. I thought it absolutely necessary, after the death of your cousin, to deal as rigorously with you as I had with him, to encourage the confederacy, and by no means to suffer an heretic to get possession of the throne of France; but I soon perceived that you would overcome the confederacy, and your courage gave me a good opinion of you. There were two persons in the world with whom I could not decently enter into a league of friendship, but both whom I naturally loved.

*Henry.* And pray who were these two persons that had the happiness of pleasing you?

*Sixtus.* You and queen Elizabeth of England.

*Henry.* I don't at all wonder at her pleasing you: in the first place, she was a pope as well as yourself, supreme of the church of England; and let me tell you as brave a pope as your-

yourself; she knew how to be fear'd, and could make heads fly off upon occasion: this certainly was what acquired her your esteem.

*Sixtus.* It was no hindrance to it, I love those who are brave, and can make themselves masters of others! that merit of yours which won my heart, was your beating the confederacy, soothing the nobility, and holding an even balance between the Catholics and Huguenots. A man that can do this is really a man; nor could I despise such a one as I did your predecessor, who lost every thing by his effeminacy, and never retrieved it but by his treachery. Had I lived, I would have received your abjuration without delaying you; you should have come off for a little scourging of yourself, and acknowledging that you received the crown of the most Christian King from the holy see.

*Henry.* I would have begun the war again, rather than have made any such acknowledgment.

*Sixtus.* I like this fierceness of yours; but for want of the assistance of my successors, you have been expos'd to so many conspiracies, that you at last perished in one.

*Henry.* Nor have you fared better than myself, and the Spanish cabal has been as dangerous to you; there is no great difference between a dagger and a bowl of poison: but let us go and see this good queen whom you love, she has found the means of reigning much longer, and more peaceably than either of us.

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DIALOGUE XVII.

Cardinal Richlieu, and Cardinal Ximenes.

*Virtue is preferable to an illustrious birth.*

*Ximenes.* NOW we are together, I conjure you, tell me if ever you endeavoured to imitate me.

*Richlieu.* No, I was too desirous of true glory, ever to copy after another man; my character was always bold, and an original.

*Ximenes.* I heard that you had taken Rochelle, as I did Oran, and overthrew the Huguenots, as I the Moors of Granada, to convert them; protected learning, beat down the pride of the nobility, raised the royal authority, established the Sorbonne, as I did the university of Aleale and Hennare; and as I was raised by the favour of Isabella of Castile, you made use of that of queen Maria de Medicis.

*Richlieu.* There is some resemblance, I own, between us; but 'tis owing to chance, for I never proposed any example to myself. I was satisfied in doing what time and the present state of affairs would permit me to do for the honour of France: besides, the case was very different between us: I was born in the court, and always brought up in it; I was bishop of Luffon, and secretary of state in the interest of the queen and the marshal of Ancre. This bears no resemblance to an obscure monk, who

who never came into the world till he was sixty years old.

*Ximenes.* That's my greatest honour; I never was ambitious nor impatient, my life was far spent, and I depended upon finishing it in the convent, but the archbishop of Toledo chose me for the queen's confessor: and the queen, prejudiced in favour of me, made me the cardinal's successor in that archbishopric against the king's will, who was for promoting his bastard to it. In the queen's troubles, occasioned by the king, I became her chief counsellor. After the conquest of Granada by Ferdinand, I undertook the conversion of its inhabitants; the queen died, and I found myself between Ferdinand and his son-in-law Philip of Austria. After the death of Philip, I was very serviceable to Ferdinand, and, spite of the grandees, I administered with severity. I conquered Oran, being there in person, managing every thing myself, and having no king to share the action, as you had at Rochelle and Sufa. After the death of Ferdinand, I was made regent in the absence of young prince Charles; I then hindered the commonalties of Spain from revolting, which they did after my death; I changed the governor and the officers of the second infant Ferdinand, who were for making him king to his brother's prejudice: at last I died in peace, having lost all authority by the means of those who had prejudiced king Charles against me. All this while I did not move one step after for-

fortune, public business came to me without my seeking, and I always managed it with a view to the public good. This was more honourable than to be born at court, the son of the great provost, and a knight of the order.

*Richlieu.* An illustrious birth does not at all lessen the merit of great actions.

*Ximenes.* It does not; but since you reduce me to a necessity of telling you so, to be moderate and disinterested, is better than to be high born.

*Richlieu.* Would you compare your government to mine? or have you changed the system of all the European governments? I overthrew the house of Austria, brought a victorious king of Sweden into the heart of Germany, made Catalonia revolt, raised the kingdom of Portugal, which was usurped by the Spaniards, and ruled all christendom by my negociations.

*Ximenes.* I own that I cannot compare my negociations to yours; however, with constancy I managed the most difficult affairs of Castile, and without interest, ambition, vanity, or weakness, and that's more than you can say.

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DIALOGUE XVIII.

Cardinal *Richlieu*, and Chancellor *Oxenstierne*.

*The difference between a minister who acts thro' pride, and one who acts for the love of his country.*

*Richlieu*. **T**HERE has been no minister like me in Europe since my death.

*Oxenstierne*. No; none has had the authority you were possessed of.

*Richlieu*. You mistake me, I speak of genius for government, and I can say of myself without vanity, what I would have said of any other in my place, that I have not left my equal behind me.

*Oxenstierne*. When you talk thus, do you remember that I was neither a cit nor a yeoman, but understood politics as well as any other?

*Richlieu*. You! I confess you have given your king some counsels, but he never undertook any thing but what was grounded upon his treaties with France, that is, with me.

*Oxenstierne*. True; but I engaged him to enter into those treaties.

*Richlieu*. I was instructed, in fact, by father Joseph, and took my measures from the observations of Charnacy.

*Oxenstierne*. Your father Joseph was a whimsical monk: as for Charnacy, indeed he under-

derstood business pretty well, but without me nothing had been done. The great Gustavus at first stood in need of every thing, and was forced to be obliged to France for money, but afterwards he beat the Bavarians and Imperialists, and throughout all Germany relieved the protestant party. Had he lived after the battle of Lutzen, he would have perplexed France, which was already alarmed at his progress, and would have been the chief potentate of Europe. You repented (tho' too late) that you had lent him any assistance, and people suspected that you were guilty of his death.

*Richlieu.* I was as innocent of it as you were.

*Oxenstiérne.* I believe it; but 'twas a sad thing that nobody could die in good time for you, but that you were suspected. Your conduct was the occasion of this jealousy, in that, for the sake of your grandeur, you made no scruple of taking men's lives away.

*Richlieu.* This policy is necessary in some certain cases.

*Oxenstiérne.* Its necessity was always doubted by honest men.

*Richlieu.* Never more by you than by myself; but pray what great actions have you done in Europe, to make you compare your ministry to mine? You were the counsellor of a little Barbarian king, of a Goth, chief of a company of Banditti; but at the same time, a pensioner of the king of France, whose minister I was.

*Oxen-*

*Oxenstierna.* My master's crown was not equal to your master's, but this was Gustavus's and my glory: we came out of a savage and barren country without troops, without arms, and without money; we disciplined our soldiers, made our officers, overcame the victorious Imperial armies, changed the face of all Europe, and left generals who have since instructed all the great men in the art of war.

*Richelieu.* There is some truth in what you say; but if one would take you at your word, you would persuade us that you was as great a general as Gustavus.

*Oxenstierna.* Not so great; but I understood the art of war, and this I sufficiently shewed after his death.

*Richelieu.* Had not you Tortsenson, Bannier, and the duke of Weimar, on whom every thing depended?

*Oxenstierna.* I was not only employed in negotiations for the keeping up the confederacy, but was also present at all the councils of war; and these brave men will tell you, that in all the campaigns I had the greatest share.

*Richelieu.* Probable you was in the council when the battle of Norlingen was lost, by which the confederacy was broken.

*Oxenstierna.* I was in the council, but the duke of Weimar lost that battle by his own fault: after its loss, I spirited up the sinking party; the Swedish army remained in Germany, and I shifted for its subsistence there; by my cares a little conquered state was form-

ed there, which the duke of Weimar would have remained in possession of, had he lived, but which you basely usurped after his death. You have seen me in France seeking assistance for my master, without ever minding your haughtiness, which wou'd have been prejudicial to the interests of your master, had not I been more zealous for my country, than you were for yours. You were the aversion of your nation, I the delight of mine. I returned at last to that savage country, and amongst those rocks from whence I first came, there I died in peace, and Europe now rings of my name as it did of yours. I had neither your honours, your riches, your power, nor your poets and orators to flatter me. I had nothing on my side but the good opinion of the Swedes, and of all wise politicians and historians; according to the dictates of my religion, I acted against the Roman Catholic Imperialists, who since the battle of Prague lorded it over all Germany. You, like a false priest, by our means, relieved the Protestants, and oppressed the catholics of Germany; now judge of the difference between us.

*Richelieu.* This was an inconvenience that could not be avoided, without leaving all Europe under the yoke of the house of Austria, which aimed at universal monarchy; but I can scarce forbear laughing to hear a chancellor setting himself off for a brave general.

*Oxenstierna.* I do not pretend to have been a general, but to have been very serviceable to

the generals in all the councils of war. I leave you the honour of having appeared armed on horseback, and in a soldier's dress before Susa. They say too that you have had your picture drawn at Richelieu in a buff-coat, a scarf, and leading staff.

*Richelieu.* Your reproaches grow very fatirical. Farewell.

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## DIALOGUE XIX.

Cardinal RICHELIEU, and cardinal MAZARIN.

*The character of these two ministers, and the difference between true and false politicks.*

*Richelieu.* SO you are come here, lord Julius; they say that you govern'd France after me; how did you do it? did you make an end of uniting all Europe against the house of Austria, and destroy the Huguenot party; I had weaken'd and humbled the great men?

*Mazarin.* You had begun all these things, but I had other business to mind; I had a stormy regency to weather.

*Richelieu.* A king who will not apply himself, and is jealous even of the minister who serves him, causes a vast deal more of trouble, than the weakness and confusion of a regency. The queen you served had courage, and it was much easier for you to manage matters under her, than for me under a difficult king, whom

some growing favourite was always egging against me: Such a prince can neither govern himself, nor will he suffer others to govern; we must serve him spite of himself, and by doing it we daily expose our lives. Mine has been made unhappy by him from whom I derived my power. Amongst all the princes who opposed the siege of Rochelle, the king, my master, thwarted me the most; notwithstanding this, I irrecoverably overthrew the Huguenots, tho' they had so many brave chiefs and strong places. The house of Austria has felt my power; never will the revolting Catalonians be forgot, nor the wonderful secrecy with which the Portuguese shook off the Spanish yoke. Holland, by our alliance, was enabled to carry on a war against the same power: all the allies of the North, Italy, and the Empire, were attach'd to me only, as a person who never would fail 'em; and the nobility at home were kept in obedience. At first I had found 'em intractable, glorying in their cabals against all those whom the king had entrusted with any authority: nor did they believe themselves bound to the king, but whilst he was flattering their ambition, and giving 'em a boundless power in the government.

*Mazarin.* As for me, I was a stranger, every thing was against me, nothing but my own industry for me: I first found the means of insinuating myself with the queen, and removing all those in whom she confided; I defended myself against all the cabals of the courtiers,

tiers, of the parliament, and of a party spirited up by a factious cardinal, jealous of my glory: in short, and against a prince, who every year was crown'd with new laurels, and made use of the reputation of his victories only to destroy me. I scattered my enemies, was twice driven out of the kingdom, and twice I return'd in triumph: I govern'd the state, drove the cardinal of Retz to Rome, and forced the prince of Conde to fly into Flanders. In short, I concluded a glorious peace, and dying, left a young monarch capable of giving all Europe laws. All this was done by the help of my genius, so fruitful in expedients, by my supple negotiations, and my wondrous art in feeding men up with new hopes; and, observe this, I never spilt a drop of blood.

*Richelieu.* No, you were too weak and too fearful to do it.

*Mazarin.* Fearful! had not I the three princes imprison'd at Vincennes? The prince staid long enough there to grow weary of his prison.

*Richelieu.* Even that proceeded from your fear; you did not know whether you had best detain him, nor did you dare to let him go. But to return to the business: to quell the haughty nobles, always ready to rise up in arms, I was obliged to shed some blood; but it is not at all amazing, that he who suffer'd the courtiers, and all the officers of the army, to re-assume their former pride and power, shou'd shed no blood in so feeble a government.

*Mazarin.* A government is not feeble because it compasses its ends by subtle, instead of cruel means; one had better put on the fox than the lion or tyger.

*Richelieu.* It is not cruelty to punish the guilty, whose bad examples will make others so; impunity will foment civil wars, lessen the king's authority, ruin the state, and be the occasion of the death of thousands: instead of that, I established peace and authority, by sacrificing the lives of a few guilty men; nor had I ever any enemies, but the enemies of the state.

*Mazarin.* That was because you thought yourself the state, and could believe no one a true Frenchman, but such as were in your pay.

*Richelieu.* Did you spare the first prince of the blood, when you thought he would oppose your interest? to be in favour at court, 'twas necessary to be a Mazarinian. I never carried my jealousies to a greater height than you did; we both served the state, and in serving it, we were both desirous of governing it. You overcame your enemies by a cowardly subtlety, I by open force; and I sincerely thought their intent in destroying me was only to plunge France again into the same calamities and confusion, from which I had with such trouble deliver'd it: but however, I always kept my word; I was a sincere friend or open enemy: with courage and honour I maintain'd my master's authority; and those whom I reduc'd to the last extremities, might,  
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if they pleased, have been loaded with favours. I made advances towards them, always lov'd and sought after merit, I only desired that they would not thwart my government, which I thought necessary to the safety of France; they served the king to their best, according to my orders, they should have been my friends.

*Mazarin.* Rather say your servants, tho' I must own well paid; but they must suit themselves to the humour of an imperious master, always implacable where he once grew jealous.

*Richelieu.* To be jealous and imperious are great faults, I must confess; but how many qualities had I that shew'd an extended genius, and a towering soul? as for your part, lord Julius, you never shew'd any thing but your subtlety and avarice; you have dealt worse by the French than spilling their blood, you corrupted their morals, and made their honesty ridiculous. I only quell'd the pride of the nobility, you dispirited and degraded them; you were afraid of merit, and there was no way of insinuating one's self with you, but by shewing a base and compliant soul, capable of the most villainous intrigues. You never had a true knowledge of men, and could believe nothing but evil of them; all the rest that could be said was mere fiction; your creatures were all base souls, or such as had bought their offices: so that your name is contemned and abhorred, mine grows every day more and more honourable in France.

*Mazarin.* Your inclinations were more noble  
than

than mine, and you had more grandeur in you; but at the same time, something of a false vanity, which I always endeavoured to avoid. You had your poets, orators, and comedians about you, was a poet and orator yourself, and Corneille's rival; without godliness you wrote godly books, dabbled in gallantry, meddled with every trade, and endeavour'd to excel in all; suck'd in the praise of every author: is there a door, or a pane of glass in the Sorbonne, upon which your coat of arms is not painted.

*Richelieu.* Your satire is very home, and has something of a foundation in it. True glory ought to shun some certain honours, which vanity is always aiming at, and we dishonour ourselves by wanting to be too much honoured; however, I loved learning, and stirred men up with a desire of excelling in it. As for you, you never minded either the church, learning, arts, or virtue; and can we wonder that so hateful a conduct should excite all the nobles of the kingdom, as well as all honest men, against such a stranger?

*Mazarin.* You talk of nothing but chimerical heroism; for the government of a state there is no need of generosity, honesty, or courage, but of a mind fruitful in expedients, whose designs cannot be fathomed, which never gives itself up to its passions, but always to its interest, and is never at a loss for the means of extricating itself out of difficulties.

*Richelieu.* True policy consists in never deceiving, but always acting fairly and openly; those

those who deviate from the right way, do it through weakness, and for want of knowing it. True policy does not trouble itself with so many expedients, but being quick-sighted, at first chuses the best, by comparing it with the others. This fertility of expedients proceeds less from an extent and strength of genius, than from want of strength and judgment. In short, true policy consists in a general reputation of honesty. When we have only fools and knaves in our interests, we never are safe: but when your integrity may be depended upon, both the good and bad will trust you, your enemies will fear, and your friends love you. As for you with your Proteus's shapes, you never could make yourself loved, feared, or esteemed. I must own that you was a great commedian, but never a great man.

*Mazarin.* You speak of me as if I had been a coward, but when I carried the war into Spain, I shewed that I did not fear death; and this has again been seen when I exposed myself to so many dangers in the civil wars of France. As for you, it is well known you were afraid of your own shadow, and fancied that there was some ruffian upon your bed, just going to stab you; but perhaps you had these panic fears only at certain seasons upon you.

*Richelieu.* Ridicule me as much as you please; as for me I shall always do you justice, and acknowledge your good qualities: you did not

not want courage in war, but wanted courage, steadiness, and greatness of soul in the management of affairs; your weakness and irresolution made you thus supple; you could not deny any thing to a man's face, which made you promise at first asking, and then used a thousand poor shifts to elude your promise. These shifts were gross and useless, and had not you been in such authority, it had not been safe using them; an honest man would have been much better pleased with your saying, I was in the wrong for promising you, nor can I perform my promise now. This would have been much better than to have added falsity to falsity, and so trifle with poor wretches. 'Tis not enough to be valiant in war, if we are cowards in business; and there are many princes who were capable of dying like heroes, but who have made themselves infamous by their effeminacy in the management of affairs.

*Mazarin.* 'Tis an easy matter to talk thus, but when we have so many people to please, we amuse them as well as we can; we have not places to bestow upon them all, yet all expect them, so that we are obliged to feed most of them up with vain hopes.

*Richelieu.* We may give a great many people reason to hope, but we must deceive nobody, for every one in his turn, may meet with his reward, and unexpected opportunities of serving them fall out. As for those who conceive vain and ridiculous hopes, they deceive themselves, nor can you be blamed  
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for it ; but to promise to their faces, and laugh at your promise as soon as their backs are turned, is a thing unworthy an honest man, and destructive to the reputation of business itself. As for me, I maintained and encreased the king's authority, without having recourse to any such base means : the thing is self-evident, and you dispute with one who was a living example of the falsity of your maxims.

F I N I S.



OF THE DEAD.

for it; but to promote to their lives, and to  
at your private as soon as their backs are  
turned, is a thing unworthy of a noble man,  
and belonging to the reputation of a villain.  
At the same time, I maintain that a man  
the king's authority, without having recourse  
to any such base means: the thing is ill-  
done, and you will find one who was a  
living example of it.



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